

GRIFFIN



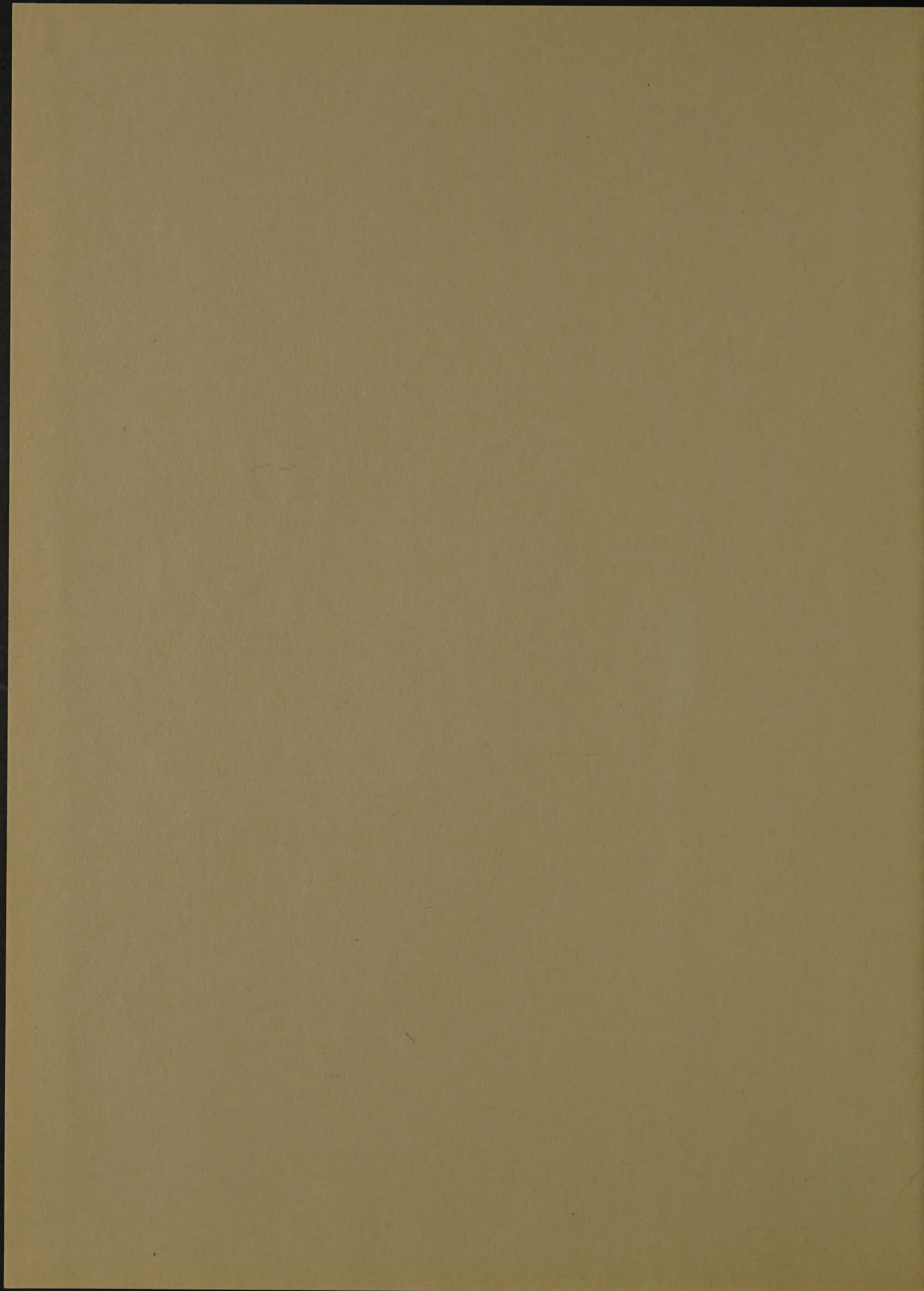
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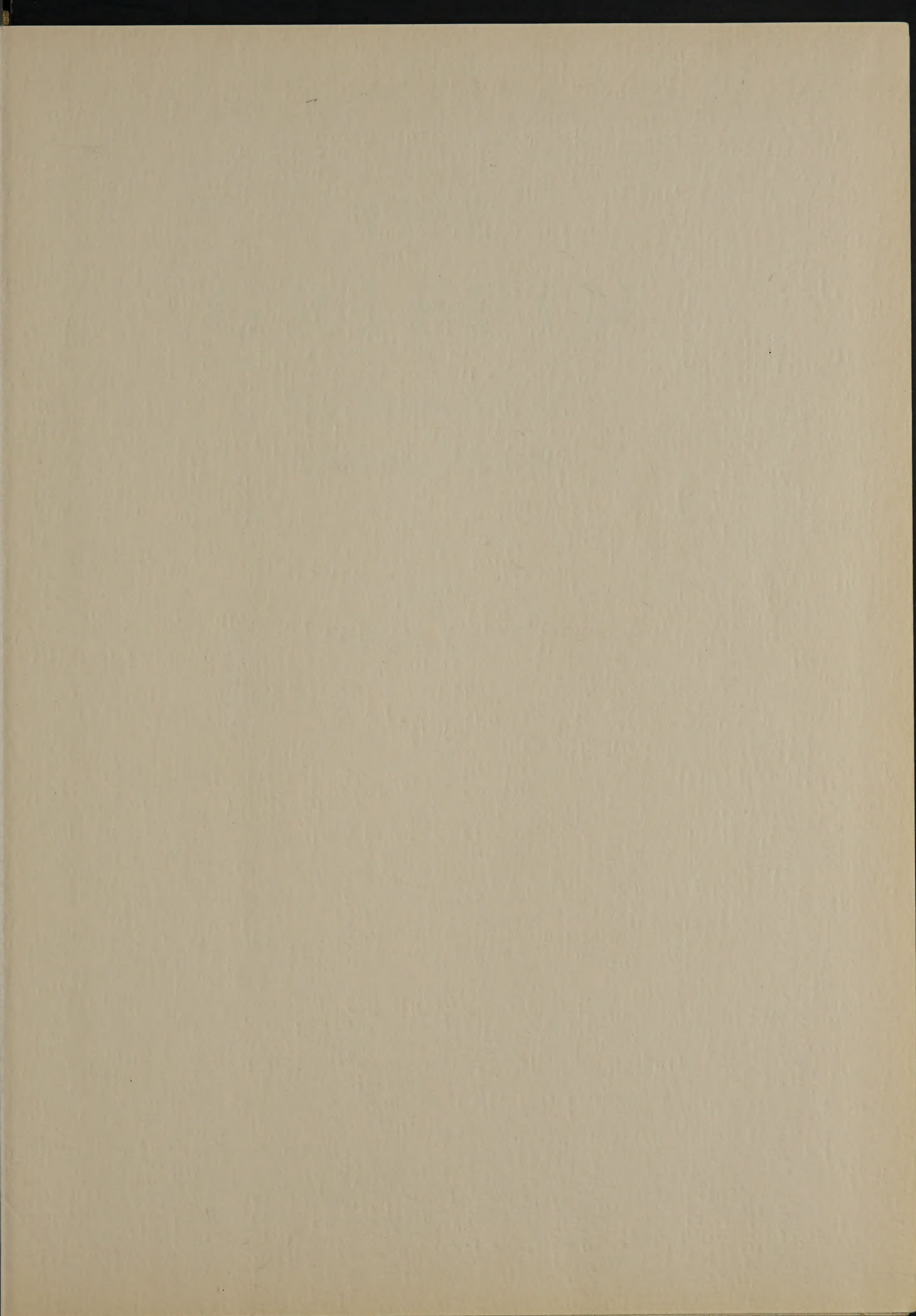
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THE GRIFFIN

Roycemore School
Evanston, Illinois

1941
Volume XXIV



In appreciation of her years of untiring devotion and interest that have implanted in all Roycemore girls a loyalty to our School, we, the Class of 1941, dedicate this volume of *The Griffin* to our beloved Miss REBECCA ASHLEY.

Rebecca Sherman Ashley

Have you ever thought of what it would be like if suddenly you were deprived of your steam-heated home, of electricity, comfortable transportation, radios, automobiles, and telephones? These things have all been developed within the last fifty years. My speech is not about the mechanical achievements of our twentieth century, but about someone we know who has seen these changes take place.

Every interesting story must have a central figure around which it revolves, and I'll begin my tale back in the 1880's and carry it down to the present day. My heroine spent her early childhood in Wisconsin and Iowa. When she was seven, her courageous and pioneering parents moved their little family to South Dakota. They expected a certain amount of hardships and came prepared to face them, but they never anticipated the terrific storms that began in mid-October.

There are tales of busy happy days when the children learned to ride the Indian ponies, feed the stock, walk five miles to the country school, and then return home to help with the domestic tasks and even assist in gathering and twisting the tall field grass which was carefully stored away in the barn to be used as fuel when the winter's supply ran low. Night time was exciting, because after the dishes were put away, and the school tasks completed, the three little girls would huddle cozily in the large feather bed, while their mother sewed by a small kerosene lamp, and their father read aloud to them tales from Scott and Dickens.

Character traits are developed early in our lives, and a trait that our heroine has retained, even to this present-day, is a reserved shyness. In childhood this was a great handicap, for her tears flowed readily, but as she grew older this habit was corrected, though the shyness still persisted. Perhaps this very trait endeared her to an aunt and uncle who lived in St. Paul, for when she was sixteen, they noticed that her interests were directed along educational lines, and urged her to attend State Teachers' College at Winona, Minnesota. Here her work was of such high standing that she was chosen valedictorian of her class.

Her first position was at Little Falls, Minnesota. This was a gay, happy period in her life. She was well liked by the young men and women of the town. She took her teach-

ing seriously, preparing carefully for all her classes. Her ability was recognized, for the following year, at the age of twenty, she was appointed principal of the St. Cloud High School.

We next find our heroine attending Oberlin College in Ohio, and tales of young men serenading her, and singing "Nut Brown Maiden," add excitement to her scholarly pursuits. The adventures of travel lured her and she spent the following year in France, living with a French family, studying at the Sorbonne, and gradually acquiring her excellent pronunciation and understanding of French. Back at Oberlin her work in art and French history was accepted toward her degree.

With this background, she was offered a splendid position at Mt. Vernon Seminary and remained there for many years teaching art. The taste of European life inspired her to repeat her travels, and every summer for many years she either took a group of students or accompanied her aunt and uncle to the continent. Her record of twenty-four crossings is an enviable one! Some of the places that this pioneer girl from the plains of South Dakota visited are the Italian lake country, Spain, the Dalmatian coast, Germany, and Belgium, where she acquired valuable material toward her master's degree in art. She lingered in England and Ireland, and stories have come to me that she kissed the Blarney Stone!

After a number of years at Mt. Vernon, an exciting offer to become associate principal of a newly organized mid-western school for girls and a chance for promotion, influenced her to leave Mt. Vernon and affiliate herself with Roycemore. Miss Julia Henry was principal, and Miss Susan White head of the lower school. To this group the new associate principal was a distinct asset. Upon Miss Henry's death in 1924, this reserved, capable person stepped into the position she now holds.

We, her students, realize the countless intangible things that she has given us: her understanding of nature, art, history, and the Bible; her appreciation of music and drama; her skillful management of our school through times of war and depression; and her love and sympathy for human nature. As an outward sign of our love and gratitude, we set aside today to honor you—Miss Ashley.

—Constance Klaner, XII Form



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Senior Editor	Jane Allan Loeb
Assistant Business Manager	Jeanne Goushá
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Dramatics	Janet Ingram
Art and Design	Peggy Magie
Snapshots	{ Caroline Ericson { Virginia Mowry
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Faculty

MISS REBECCA SHERMAN ASHLEY	<i>Principal</i>
MRS. KEITH PRESTON	<i>Associate Principal, Latin</i>
MISS MARY E. BARCLAY	<i>Associate Principal, Lower School</i>
MISS ANNE HOLMES	<i>Associate Principal, Primary School</i>
MISS LOUISE HAGERTY	<i>Latin</i>
MRS. LAWRENCE S. WRIGHT	<i>English</i>
MISS ELIZABETH JEAN COX	<i>English</i>
MISS DOROTHY CAHILL	<i>French</i>
MRS. JOHN G. McALLISTER	<i>French</i>
MISS MARION McKENZIE	<i>History</i>
MISS KATHARINE L. PARKS	<i>Mathematics</i>
MRS. DOROTHY HINMAN HIND	<i>Algebra, Latin</i>
MRS. DONNELL C. HOWE	<i>Science</i>
MRS. NORMAN A. LANG	<i>Science</i>
MISS ELIZABETH K. WILLIAMSON	<i>Eighth Form</i>
MISS FLORENCE NUSSBAUM	<i>Seventh Form</i>
MISS MILDRED HOLT	<i>Fifth and Sixth Forms</i>
MISS LULU LANGSTON	<i>Second Form</i>
MISS EMMA HOLMES	<i>First Form</i>
MRS. SPENCER D. SMITH	<i>Kindergarten</i>
MLLE. MARGUERITE CAZES	<i>Lower School and Primary French</i>
MRS. G. LEONARD SULLY	<i>Lower School and Primary French</i>
MISS MARIE HJERMSTAD	<i>Physical Training</i>
MISS NATALIE ROCKMAN	<i>Physical Training</i>
MISS ELINOR RICE	<i>Drama</i>
MISS MADI BACON	<i>Music</i>
MRS. P. B. KOHLSAAT	<i>Music</i>
MISS FRANCES BADGER	<i>Art</i>
MISS ALMA BIRMINGHAM	<i>Piano</i>
MISS BARBARA AUSTIN	<i>Librarian</i>
MISS MILDRED SPRAGUE	<i>Secretary and Bookkeeper</i>
MISS EDITH LAPHAM	<i>Secretary</i>
MISS MADELEINE H. EYLAND	<i>Director of Lunchroom</i>
MISS CLARISSA SMITH	<i>School Nurse</i>



Senior Prophecy

*Suddenly one day out of the blue
An inspiration came;
You may not want to listen
But you'll hear it all the same:*

*When Midge left Roycemore's hallowed halls
She went to Russia's party brawls.
She said she made herself that promise
When first she heard of Norman Thomas.*

*Mary Anderson went to sea
With tackle and tarpaulin;
She said she surely hoped that she
Would catch a great Blue Marlin.*

*In the soothing quiet of genteel halls
Our Libby sits at ease.
With dainty flowered needlework
She says she aims to please.*

*Sally spends all day at home
Over the frying pan.
She says she's proud of her husband
'Cause he's such a "Andy"-man.*

*Above the clicking castanets
And greasy gamblers making bets,
The rhumba dancer, 'mid the gale
Of wide skirts, swings—and—there is Dale!*

*Avie's got a true life work,
Naught but perfection will please her.
Because she's writing, in Latin, of course,
"The Life and Loves of Caesar."*

*Betsy's our first lady;
She married Willkie's son;
She got her experience making
Our Student Government run.*

*Courtney's face on bill-boards now
Is able to be seen.
She's working hard for Lucky Strike,
The Nation's Cigarette Queen.*

*Nancy Drake's the quiet one—
She never giggles, doesn't run;
It's not because she's on the fence:
She believes in Passive Resistance.*

*Poor Caroline Ericson! She saw
So many photos she became
A candid-camera addict whose
Startling pictures gained her fame.*

*Prim Darlene Foley order keeps;
She stays alert and cool.
"One must, you know," she said to us,
"When one runs a girl's school."*

*Poor Martha Harbrecht! One could weep!
She never had her fling:
A fussy, tea-drinking Old Maid,
Disturbed by everything.*

*Liz Ferguson opened up a shop
Intending to specialize—
It's called "Betty's Beauty Shoppe—
Specialty: Hair Dyes."*

*The hockey-balls are flying 'round,
But Janet Ingram does not stir.
Intrepid Janet gives no ground:
Athletic Director.*

*Her dreamy eyes and rosebud lips
Are often to be seen,
For Cary Johnson is a Star
Upon the silver screen.*

*Marg E. Johnston got tamed down;
She grows Delphiniums out of town
On her little country farm
Where she can't do any harm.*

*Connie sleeps through every meeting
Of the Senate, which she rules.
She always knows what's happening:
Good training of our Roycemore School's.*

*Just a gay butterfly;
Nothin' is doin';
Let's guess who this may be—
Nancy McKewen.*

*Joy is Rivera's scholar
Painting murals for a dollar.
Though her prices aren't for surplus,
Her murals have a Social Purpose.*

*When you unfold the Morning News,
Look to the funnies first, and choose
The best-drawn one; and now you see
That it is done by Peg Magie!*

*Shirley Mellor's kindly wit
Relieved her of her worries;
She's writing little sunny books
And also, Children's Stories.*

*Molly with her Southern drawl
Keeps on saying, "Oh, you-all,"
Right back whence she came, no doubt,
Totin' a gun around-about.*

*Janet dyed her red hair black,
Just so she can say,
"I'm Janetska Richardsonovitch
Of the Roosian Ballet."*

*Comrade Ryan throws a bomb
With the greatest of aplomb.
For she's an Anarchist now,
Likes to help in any row.*

*Guess what! In 1955
Our Arlee Rue, no other,
Became a shining symbol:
America's Ideal Mother!*

*Helen teaches in a lab.
From her pupils she exacts
All the answers,—'cause she knows
All the Scientific Facts.*

*Joan likes the South American Way,
Because she likes to dance and play.
She also likes to play and sing.
Shh! Joany's got a wedding ring.*

*Sully's gone to Hollywood
Because her figure's so darn good.
When asked how she became so slinky,
Sully said, "My diet's dinky."*

*Teasley's in her element;
Leads the lads with gracious hand—
She's wife of Princeton's President,
In Tigertown, University Land.*

*Virginia's supple fingers
O'er the keys do trill.
She's with a hot blues orchestra,
Giving Jazz a thrill.*

*My inspiration stopped here,
And so I never knew
Just what the future holds for me,
And, luckily, neither will you.*



Class Will

We, the Class of 1941, having spent the four best years of our lives in hard labor for our Alma Mater and thereby having earned our freedom, wish to leave the fruits of our toil and our last worldly remains to the following:

To the incoming wolverines we leave the west windows of the Senior Study.

To the aptest of Roycemore athletes we leave our pyramids and the hop-sotch in our assembly, and to the delicate—a comfortable couch.

To the Juniors we reluctantly leave Senior Speeches, Scholastic Aptitudes, and College Boards; to the incoming Freshmen a copy of the Student Government constitution and a warning on the evils of Upper School.

Connie Klaner leaves "The Life and Loves of E. S. P." to Wayne Nash.

Sally Bogan wills her school-day glamour to Shirley Fitzgerald.

Joan Stover and Janet Ingram leave the library in peace to Margaret Jo Laird and Jeanette Kempf.

Arlee leaves her fingernails to Ricie with two packages of emery boards in case any modifications are necessary.

Teasley leaves her halo to Roumelle Stine.

Avie Bowman leaves her double talk to the Sophomores.

Libby Austin and Jane Loeb leave their Kleenex to any fellow-sufferers.

And now the Seniors leave.

*Caroline Johnson, President
Aveline Bowman, Vice-President, Secretary
Libby Austin, Treasurer
Joan Stover, Representative*



SENIORS



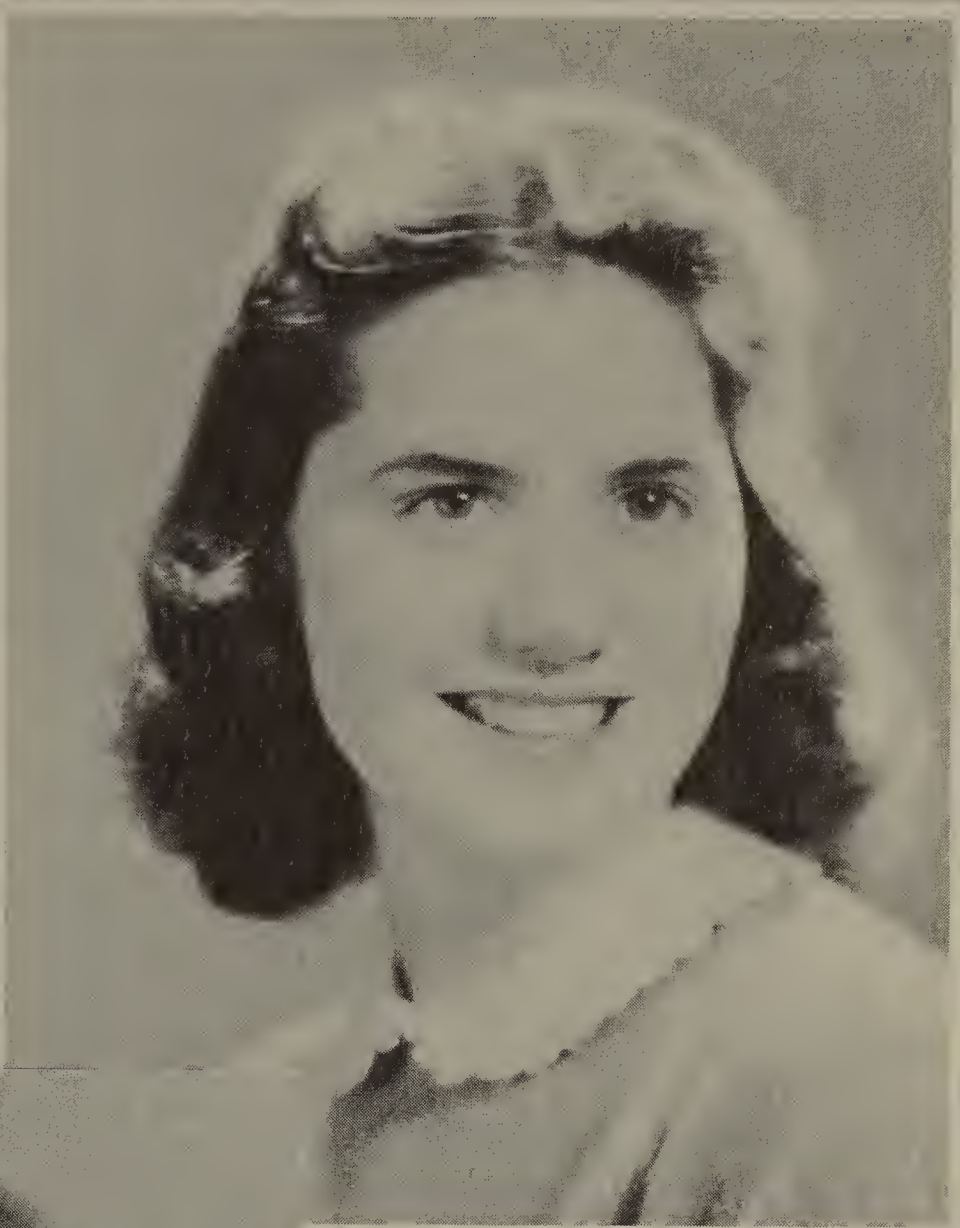


Marjorie Amos



Mary Anderson

Elizabeth Austin



Sally Bogan



Georgia Dale Bogert



Aveline Bowman

Betsy Brown



Courtney Cook



Nancy Drake



Caroline Ericson

Elizabeth Ferguson



Darlene Foley



Martha Harbrecht



Janet Carle Ingram

Caroline Johnson



Margaret Johnston



Constance Klaner



Jane Allan Loeb

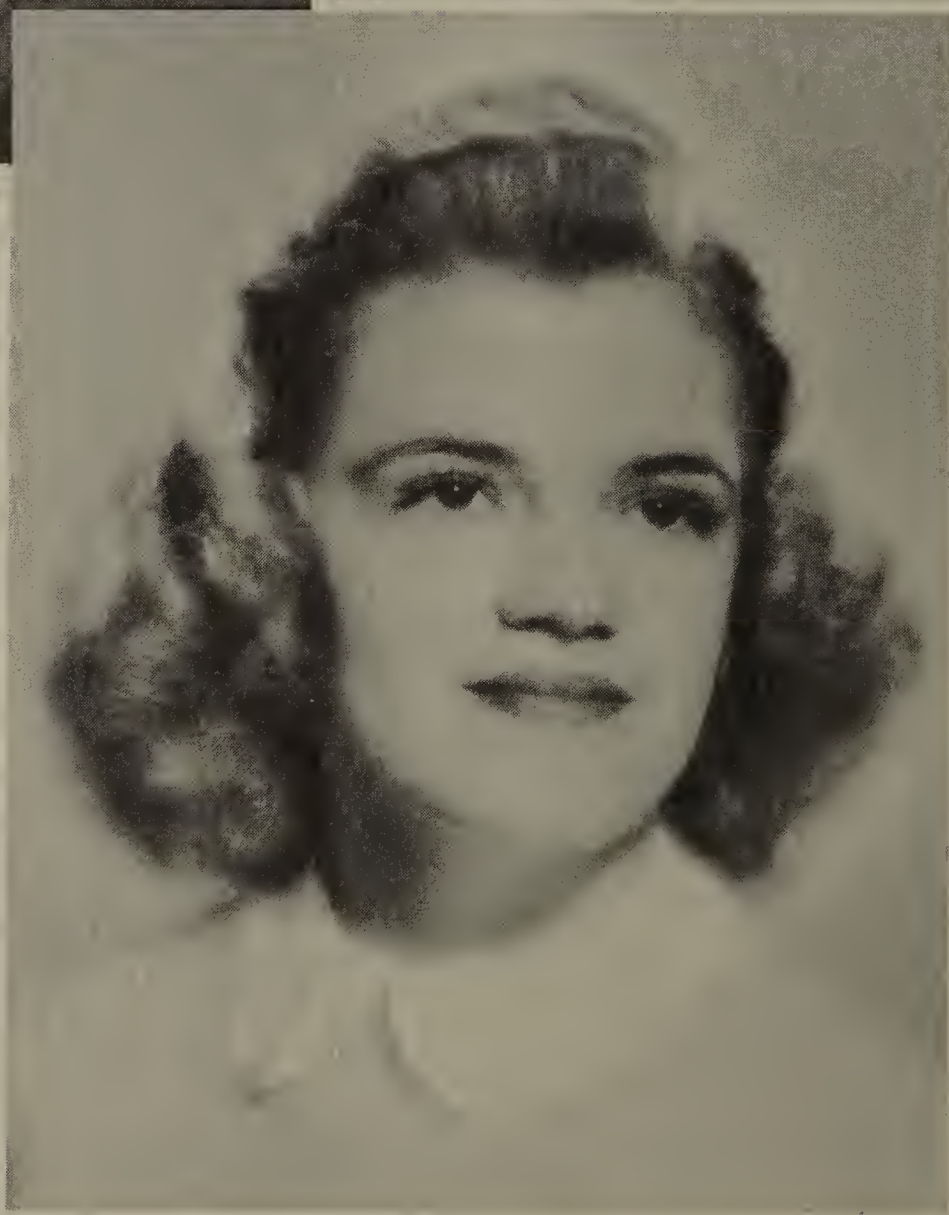
Peggy Magie



Nancy McKewen



Joy McPherrin



Shirley Mellor

Molly Nickell



Janet Richardson

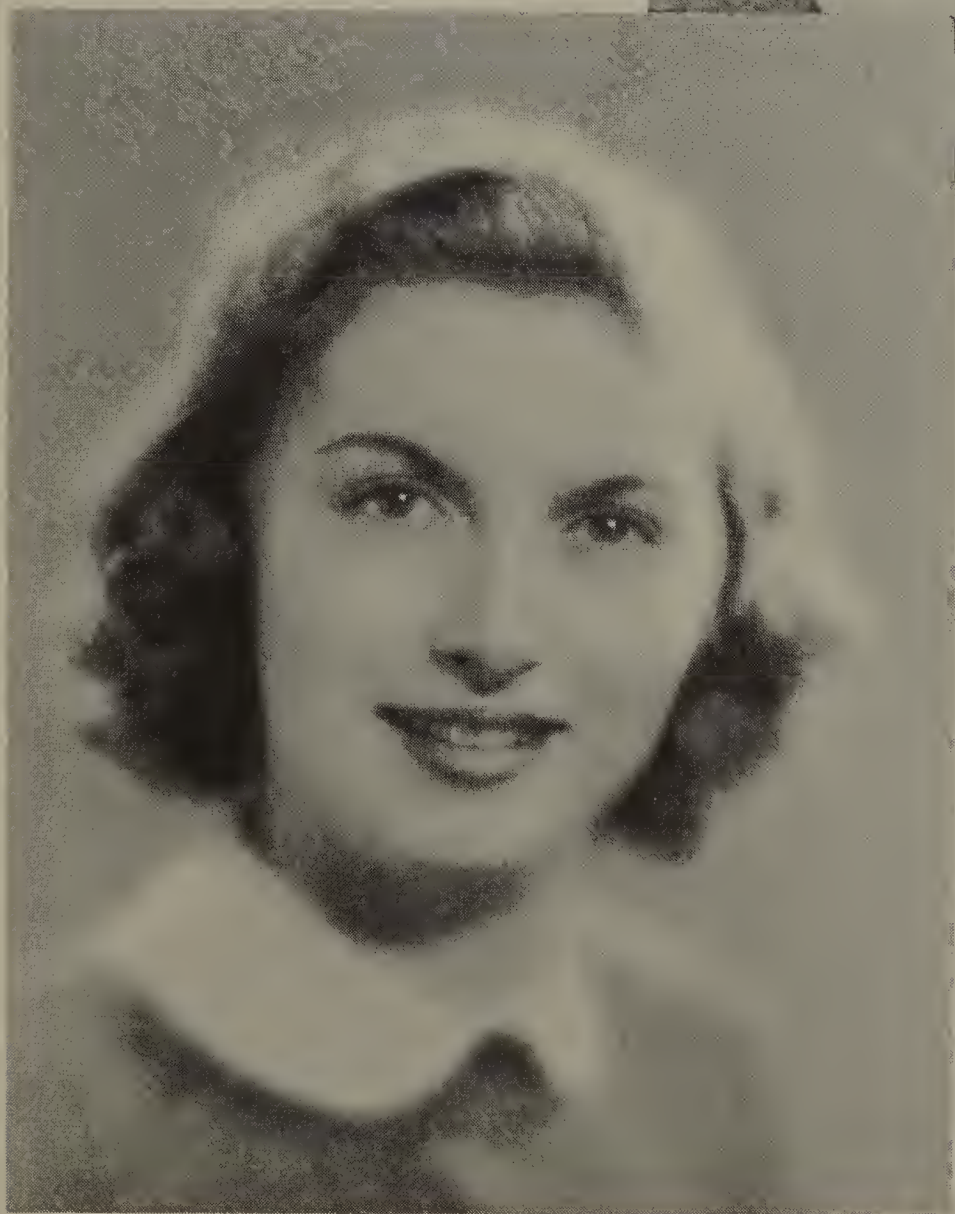


Nancy Ryan



Arlee Rue Sherritt

Helen Somerville



Joan Stover



Jean Sullivan



Teasley Webb



Virginia Wenger

Dear Ellen;
Lots of luck
and have lots of
fun in school.
I know you will
love it. Take full
advantage of your
privileges. Love:
Virginia



Eleventh Form

	<i>First Semester</i>	<i>Second Semester</i>
President	Jeanne Goushá	Babs Thomas
Vice-President, Secretary	Babs Thomas	Peggy Bradley
Treasurer	Judy Gillfillan	Shirley Robinson
Representative	Anne Tilden	Billie Williamson

Weona Armstrong	Judy Gillfillan	Janet Linthicum	Anne Tilden
Peggy Bradley	Jeanne Goushá	Janet Morrissey	Corinne Veale
Carolyn Conley	Joan Harris	Virginia Mowry	Peggy Wickman
Shirley Dean	Barbara Ives	Frances Patton	Pearl Anne Wieboldt
Berenice Fleischmann	Therese Jordan	Shirley Jean Robinson	Billie Williamson
	Marcia Kuhnen	Babs Thomas	



Tenth Form

	<i>First Semester</i>	<i>Second Semester</i>
President	Shirley Fitzgerald	Julie Lane
Vice-President, Secretary	Virginia Russell	Virginia Russell
Treasurer	Elizabeth Dilling	Elizabeth Dilling
Representative	Joan Moore	Judy Peake

Josephine Alther	Anamary Evans	Jacqueline McCurdy	Geraldine Tabin
Sue Buckley	Shirley Fitzgerald	Joan Moore	Anne Tippens
Diane Chamberlaine	Patsy Harbrecht	Nancy Mueller	Marcia Mae Wynkoop
Virginia Daniels	Patricia Holloway	Wayne Nash	Julie Zischke
Elizabeth Dilling	Julie Lane	Nancy Nock	Sue Potts
Molly Dowse	Dorothy MacArthur	Judy Peake	Virginia Russell



Ninth Form

	<i>First Semester</i>	<i>Second Semester</i>
President	Janet Wagner	Louise Grulee
Vice-President, Secretary	Mary Black	Bobsy Bogan
Treasurer	Bobsie Frost	Barbara Dennis
Representative	Suzanne Edwards	Jeanette Kempf

Mary Black
Bobsy Bogan
Joan Burgess
Patricia Coombs

Barbara Dennis
Suzanne Edwards
Bobsie Frost
Louise Grulee
Eloise Hughes

Jeanette Kempf
Margaret Jo Laird
India Parkhill
Martha Pirie
Nancy Pirie

Mary Lou Ruxton
Edith Seaman
Roumelle Stine
Janet Wagner

ACTIVITIES



Student Government Board

The Student Government Board, elected by the Commonwealth and representing the entire high school student body, plans several activities as well as regulates the discipline of the school. Two of the main activities of the Board are the newspaper, with an editor on the Student Government Board, and an editor elected by the Commonwealth, contributed to by all the students, and the Commonwealth Prom, given in February and organized by the Board. Town meetings are held to discuss amendments to the constitution, which was written in 1915, and to propose new activities and recommendations of the Board to the student body.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT OFFICERS 1940-1941

President	Betsy Brown
Vice-President	Babs Thomas
Secretary	Jane Loeb
Treasurer	Sue Buckley



Athletic Board 1940-1941

President.....	Connie Klaner
Vice-President.....	Judy Gillfillan
Secretary.....	Dale Bogert
Treasurer.....	Peggy Magie
Head of Hockey.....	Babs Thomas
Head of Basketball.....	Jeanne Goushá
Head of Baseball.....	Shirley Fitzgerald
Head of Track.....	Nancy Mueller
Head of Health.....	Shirley Robinson
Head of Miscellaneous Activities.....	Janet Linthicum
Student Government Representative.....	Joy McPherrin



HOCKEY SCORES

INTERSCHOLASTIC

Roycemore vs. North Shore Country Day School

First Team	4-0	(North Shore)
Second Team	3-0	(North Shore)
Third Team	3-0	(North Shore)
Fourth Team	3-2	(Roycemore)

CLASS TEAMS

First Place—Sophomores
Second Place—Seniors

Third Place—Juniors
Fourth Place—Freshmen

BASKETBALL SCORES

INTERSCHOLASTIC

Roycemore vs. Girls' Latin School of Chicago

First Team	22-7	(Girls' Latin)
Second Team	31-12	(Girls' Latin)

CLASS TEAMS

First Team Tournament
First Place—Seniors
Second Place—Sophomores
Third Place—Juniors

Second Team Tournament
First Place—Sophomores
Second Place—Juniors
Third Place—Seniors
Fourth Place—Freshmen

BASKETBALL SQUAD

<i>First Team</i>		<i>Second Team</i>	
Bogan, Captain	Austin	Thomas, Captain	Nock
Johnson	Buckley	Ingram	Goushá
Johnston	McPherrin	Drake	Fitzgerald
Klaner	Brown	Holloway	Moore
Bowman	Ferguson	Chamberlaine	Patton
		Mueller	Brown

TRACK REPORT FOR THE SPRING OF 1940

First Place	{ Eleventh Form: 183 points Ninth Form: 183 points
Second Place	Tenth Form: 176 points
Third Place	Twelfth Form: 166 points

<i>Seniors</i>	<i>Juniors</i>	<i>Sophomores</i>	<i>Freshmen</i>
Walter	Ferguson	Kuhnen	Buckley
Huth	Stockton	Linthicum	Mueller
Kirtland	Klaner	Veale	Chamberlaine
Ballinger	Austin	Thomas	Peake
B. Magie	Bowman	Morrissey	Tabin
Harrison	Drake	Price	Moore
Allen	Anderson	Fleischmann	Nock
Winston	Webb	Conley	Fitzgerald

Primary and Lower School Palio 1941

JUDGES

Miss Donna Niles Northwestern University
Miss Alice DeBower Evanston Township High School
Miss Frances Lethlean Central High School, Glencoe

The American flag carried by Betsy Brown, President of Roycemore Commonwealth.

The Palio Banner carried by Eloise Hughes, Louise Grulee, and Nancy Pirie, officers of the Freshman class, winners of the Palio in 1940.

Miss Natalie Rockman, Director of Physical Education in the Primary and Lower Schools.

PRIMARY SCHOOL PLACES

Posture: Third Form

Daily Work: Fourth Form

LOWER SCHOOL PLACES

<i>Posture</i>	<i>Palio</i>
1st Place.....Anne Haskell	1st Place.....Seventh Form
2nd Place.....Ann Blunt	2nd Place.....Eighth Form
3rd Place.....Estelle Blunt	3rd Place.....Fifth Form
4th Place.....Susan Schreiner	4th Place.....Sixth Form

Upper School Palio

JUDGES

Miss Helen C. James . Director, Warwick Woods Camp
Miss Iris Boulton ... New Trier Township High School
Mrs. Floyd Thornan . Former Instructor in Physical Education, Roycemore School

The American Flag carried by Betsy Brown, President of Roycemore Commonwealth.

The Palio Banner carried by Nancy Delaney, Bennette Freeman, and Dorothy Amend, members of the class of 1940, winners of the Palio in 1940.

Marie Hjermstad, Director

PLACES

<i>Posture</i>	<i>Palio</i>
1st Place.....Shirley Fitzgerald	1st Place.....Seniors
2nd Place.....Margaret Johnston	2nd Place.....Sophomores
3rd Place.....Jean Sullivan	3rd Place.....Juniors
4th Place.....Suzanne Edwards	4th Place.....Freshmen



Masque and Dirk Board

PRESIDENT.....JANET INGRAM
 SECRETARY.....BETSY BROWN
 TREASURER.....CAROLINE JOHNSON
 HEAD OF PUBLICITYJEAN SULLIVAN
 HEAD OF COSTUMESJOY MCPHERRIN

HEAD OF STAGEJOAN STOVER
 HEAD OF LIGHTSMARJORIE AMOS
 HEAD OF PROPERTIESSHIRLEY MELLOR
 HEAD OF MAKE-UPELIZABETH AUSTIN
 DIRECTORMISS ELINOR RICE

MEMBERS

Alther
 B. Bogan
 S. Bogan
 Bogert
 Bowman
 Bradley
 Buckley
 Chamberlaine

Conley
 Dilling
 Drake
 Edwards
 Evans
 Fitzgerald
 Fleischmann
 Foley

Grulee
 M. Harbrecht
 P. Harbrecht
 Ives
 Johnston
 Jordan
 Kempf
 Klaner

Laird
 Lane
 McCurdy
 McKewen
 Moore
 Mueller
 Nash
 Nock
 Peake

Russell
 Sherritt
 Tabin
 Thomas
 Tilden
 Veale
 Wagner
 Wynekoop
 Zischke



Berkeley Square

by JOHN BALDERSTON

The Characters in Order of Their Appearance:

Wilkins, the maid	Jean Sullivan
Tom, the Pettigrew son	Shirley Mellor
Kate, the eldest daughter	Marjorie Amos
Lady Anne Pettigrew, the mother	Janet Ingram
Mr. Throstle, Helen's suitor	Teasley Webb
Helen, the youngest daughter	Caroline Johnson
The American Ambassador to England	Libby Austin
Mrs. Barwick, the housekeeper	Joy McPherrin
Peter Standish, of the 20th Century	Joan Stover
Marjorie Frant, his fiancée	Darlene Foley
Major Clinton, of the 18th Century	Martha Harbrecht
Miss Barrymore, a friend of Kate's	Nancy Drake
The Duchess of Devonshire	Arlee Rue Sherritt
Lord Stanley	Margaret Johnston
H.R.H. The Duke of Cumberland	Aveline Bowman

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Ball

Sally Bogan
Dale Bogert

Courtney Cook
Caroline Ericson

Constance Klaner
Nancy McKewen

Molly Nickell
Janet Richardson

A class has probably never waited with greater eagerness for the announcement of its senior play than the class of '41. For three years, drama had been one of our major interests (it even went back to the seventh form for some of us); as a group we had tried our hands at all of the jobs—staging, lighting, costuming, make-up, and acting. We had worked hard and we wanted a good show. Our play "Berkeley Square," based on the unusual theory that time is relative and that, therefore, life can be transposed from one period to another, either forward or backward, met all our demands: a large cast, beautiful costumes, unusual and difficult technical effects, and an attractive set. The play required careful interpretation, but under Miss Rice's direction, which was an exceptional example of her sensitive conception of a play, the seniors gave a convincing performance. The cast was well chosen and the girls went into rehearsals with a seriousness that surprised all. At the end of five weeks of concentrated hard work they presented their masterpiece to a filled house. They deserved the applause they received but very properly insisted that fully half the praise should go to the crews, without whose efficient functioning the play could not have been produced.

There are dozens of incidents we remember; some funny, some sad; and looking back at it now we feel that we had a wonderful time doing our show. We had the best crews a senior play has ever had, and the most understanding group of teachers and parents that could be wished for.





The Glee Club Board

President	Janet Richardson
Vice-President, Secretary	Aveline Bowman
Treasurer	Courtney Cook
Mistress of the Robes	Therese Jordan
Librarian	Ann Williamson

MEMBERS

Sopranos

Aveline Bowman
Joan Harris
Janet Richardson
Shirley Fitzgerald
Josephine Alther
Geraldine Tabin
Shirley Robinson
Nancy Nock
Elizabeth Dilling

Second Sopranos

Corinne Veale
Teasley Webb
Babs Thomas
Margaret Jo Laird
Ann Williamson
Virginia Mowry
Therese Jordan
Virginia Wenger

First Altos

Margaret Johnston
Anne Tilden
Patricia Holloway
Anamary Evans

Second Altos

Courtney Cook
Julie Lane
Mary Lou Ruxton
Peggy Magie



The Glee Club

A well organized glee club provides each individual with the opportunity for the enjoyment of group singing and fosters friendships among its members through the medium of a common interest. Every person feels the need of some outside interest or activity which encourages good use of leisure time. Glee Club serves this purpose and in addition provides education in choral literature. It develops the ability to read at sight and quickens the perception of good tone and pitch. There is also the satisfaction of "citizenship" to each individual in the ability to hold her own part well and in so doing create a perfect performance.



Red Feather Club

President	Sally Bogan
Vice-President	Peggy Bradley
Secretary	Nancy Drake
Treasurer	Joy McPherrin

COUNCIL 1940-1941

Bogan	McPherrin	Drake	Magie
Bradley	Webb	Sullivan	

The Red Feather Club is operating this year under a new constitution which provides for a governing council made up of the officers and one council member for every ten girls in the club.

The purpose of the club is to promote good fellowship among members of the different classes and to develop a deeper interest in outdoor activity. There are afternoon hikes in the spring and fall, and two trips to the dunes.



Art Club

OFFICERS

Peggy MagiePresident
 Janet LinthicumVice-President, Secretary
 Anne TippensTreasurer

MEMBERS

Peggy Magie
 Janet Richardson
 Joy McPherrin

Janet Linthicum
 Virginia Mowry
 Virginia Russell

Anne Tippens
 Julie Zischke
 Pat Coombs

UNE AMIE DEVOUÉE

par Margaret Johnston

Ma meilleure amie est une jeune fille très gentille. Elle a de grands yeux bleus. Ses cheveux sont noirs et longs; elle est très belle. Elle aime nager, comme moi, et nous nous amusons à faire beaucoup de sports au grand air. Elle est toujours gaie et nous rions beaucoup. Elle est très intelligente et nous parlons à longs propos des sujets sérieux. Nous pensons presque les mêmes choses mais quelquefois l'une de nous ne croit pas ce que l'autre croit. Dans ce cas nous discutons longtemps et enfin nous tombons d'accord. Elle a très bon caractère; c'est pourquoi je l'aime. Elle est très honnête et elle fait ce que sa mère lui dit. Mais elle n'est pas très généreuse. Elle aime mieux accepter les cadeaux que de les donner. Mais ce défaut est petit auprès de ses bonnes qualités et je l'aime malgré ce défaut.

UN AVERTISSEMENT

Au premier étage de l'école il y a une chambre où les élèves déjeunent. Dans un coin de cette chambre il y a une caisse où on tient la glace. Faites attention! N'en approchez pas!

Beaucoup d'entre vous songeront sans doute que la glace ne peut pas faire mal. La glace ne peut pas vous mordre, bien entendu, mais d'autre part vous pouvez la mordre. Cela, c'est le commencement de tous les soucis. Lorsque vous prenez la première bouchée, vous êtes encore très mince, mais comme la portion de glace diminue vous, entre temps, devenez de plus en plus grosse. Vos vêtements ne vont plus bien; la porte est trop petite pour la franchir; vous n'avez plus l'air chic. Le résultat est triste.

Quand au cours de la vie vous recontrez cette tentation, soyez sage! "La glace n'amène rien de bon."

—Gerry Tabin, X Form

UN JOUR A L'ECOLE

*Un jour je suis arrivée à l'école
Et de peur j'étais presque folle,
Car mes devoirs n'étaient pas faits,
Et le maître gronde quand il est fâché.*

*Et quand est arrivé ce maître,
J'aurais voulu disparaître.
Un jour pareil je n'ai jamais passé
Et je pense qu'à l'avenir j'étudierai.*

—Louise Grulee, IX Form

PORTRAIT DE MURIEL

par Virginia Wenger

Ma meilleure amie s'appelle Muriel. Je la connais depuis dix ans. Quand j'habitais Chicago avant de venir à Evanston, elle y habitait aussi, près de moi. Elle est un peu plus âgée que moi, mais depuis que nous nous sommes vues pour la première fois, nous sommes amies.

Quand nous étions petites enfants nous jouions beaucoup ensemble. Elle a les cheveux bruns et les yeux bruns et nous nous ressemblons beaucoup. Elle n'est ni chic ni belle mais elle est très gentille et très douce. Elle sera un jour une très bonne femme et je le dis en toute sincérité. Elle sait bien faire les choses dans la maison qui feront plaisir un jour à son mari.

Un peu avant que je sois venue à Evanston, elle est allée à Wilmette. Aujourd'hui elle va à l'université, mais quand elle est chez elle je la vois souvent.

Elle aime jouer au tennis et au golf, mais elle est très sérieuse. Elle va travailler cet été si elle peut. Il ne faut pas qu'elle travaille, mais elle veut faire l'expérience. Elle aime la musique, pas d'en jouer, mais d'en entendre. Vous pouvez voir, peut-être, que nous avons un peu les mêmes goûts, les mêmes idées.

LES DANGERS

DE LA T. S. F.

Il y avait une fois une jeune fille qui demeurait dans la ville d'Evanston. Chaque jour elle allait à l'école de Roycemore. Elle aimait beaucoup son école, mais ses études étaient très difficiles pour elle.

Elle n'aimait pas étudier, mais elle étudiait pendant presque deux heures chaque soir. Elle ne pouvait pas écouter la radio en étudiant, mais un soir qu'elle étudiait pour un examen, elle entendit la radio dans la chambre de son frère. Elle devint si intéressée à ce programme de la radio, qu'elle oublia ses leçons.

A dix heures, elle se coucha, avec très peu de ses leçons étudiées. Quand elle se reveilla, elle avait très sommeil. Quand elle vint à l'école, elle aurait à re-étudier vite.

Après avoir fait son test, elle sut qu'elle n'avait pas bien fait. Quand on rendit les papiers, sa note était exactement soixante-dix. Elle fut si contente d'avoir passé qu'elle promit de ne jamais plus écouter la radio en étudiant.

—Eloise Hughes, IX Form

PÊLE-MÊLE

*Nous allons en classe de Latin,
Etudions le vocabulaire,
Mais quand la cloche sonne à neuf heures
C'est en français qu'il faut le faire.*

*C'est très difficile à séparer
Tous les mots de chaque langue étrangère.
A l'avenir nous choisirons ce
Que nous aimons le mieux, j'espère.*

—Julie Lane, X Form

Senior Speeches

Marjorie Amos	The Chicago Commons
Mary Anderson	Television
Elizabeth Austin	Political Parties
Sally Bogan	Hibbing Iron Ore Mines
Dale Bogert	Beaufort, S. Carolina
Aveline Bowman	Chicago Civic Opera
Betsy Brown	Human Engineering Laboratory
Courtney Cook	ASCAP-BMI
Nancy Drake	Indian Situation—U. S.
Caroline Ericson	Pliofilm
Elizabeth Ferguson	Polaroid
Darlene Foley	Fantasia
Martha Harbrecht	Newspapers
Janet Ingram	Helen Hayes
Caroline Johnson	Federal Theater Project
Margaret Johnston	Electoral College
Constance Klaner	Miss Ashley's Life
Jane Loeb	Chemurgy
Peggy Magie	Federal Art Project
Nancy McKewen	Cody, Wyoming
Joy McPherrin	Modern Art
Shirley Mellor	Orphans of the Storm
Molly Nickell	Monticello
Janet Richardson	Cartoons
Nancy Ryan	New Orleans' Trip
Arlee Rue Sherritt	Grand Coulee Dam
Helen Somerville	Jaspar National Park
Joan Stover	Limestone Caverns
Jean Sullivan	The Cradle
Teasley Webb	Hallowe'en
Virginia Wenger	Mozart



LITERARY



Same Level

"But Mother, I really think it would be better if I just . . ."

"Now dear, please! All you need is to get started. Just meet a few nice boys at first, and gradually build up some nice acquaintances from there. I'm sure that at the tea dance for young people this afternoon you'll have a wonderful time."

"All right, Mother," answered Barbara with resignation, adding to herself, "Only I hope to gosh that none of my girl friends will be there. I won't recognize them very far off since Mother took my glasses away. Oh, heck! Why . . ."

"What is that, dear?"

"Oh . . . uh . . . nothing . . . uh . . . just reciting a French poem to myself."

Poor Barbara, barely a Freshman, shy, of medium height, with dark hair and braces and a mother full of social ambition for her daughter, as most loving mothers are, was sick and tired of dancing school. She was on her way to the Country Club to a tea dance for her group and the older boys and girls. She would have preferred to stay home and read a book, or to practice, rather than to go to this shindig. Even if she did know someone or meet a new boy, she would never in the world know what to talk about.

Oh, yes, Mother had given her pointers about her conversation such as, "Talk about skiing or skating or something that he might be interested in, but for heaven's sake, don't talk about the weather." (Well, it wasn't her fault that all she could think of at these crucial moments was the weather!) "Get him talking about himself; there's nothing a boy likes more." (The most boring conversations she had encountered had resulted when she tried to put this advice to use.)

Well, she would have to stick it out since Mother was determined.

All the way out to the Club she fussed with her fingernails, combed her hair and twisted a lace handkerchief. She became even more panic-stricken when she saw the beautiful fur coats on the dressing-room racks and heard

sophisticated voices coming from the inner recesses of the dressing-room, where the occupants were primping with experience. She walked in to dab on a bit of lipstick and then wipe most of it off again (Mother's rule), and walked out. Those girls weren't much older than she; yet *they* weren't scared.

She walked nervously to where her Mother was standing, talking with Judge somebody and his wife. They said hello, and shook her hand and left. Barbara and her Mother stood by the punch table talking. Pretty soon the Judge's wife came back with a nice-looking boy in tow and after introducing him to Barbara, baldly said, "Why don't you two dance?"

A low "All right" from Barbara; and a lower "Okay" from the boy.

A few turns around the dance floor in silence, except for an "Excuse me" when a toe was stepped on, and the boy was called to the telephone by a friend, or was it that his mother wanted him?

She went back to her mother, and pretty soon the Judge's wife came back with another boy and sent them off to dance again. This boy, too, excused himself after a while and left.

Barbara, thoroughly disgusted with boys and social life, walked around the edge of the dance floor and opened the rattling doors to the inside badminton court as quietly as she could. It was dark in there; nobody would see a tear or ask what was wrong. Thinking very desolate thoughts about being unpopular and shy all her life, she walked across the chilly expanse of the court. When her eyes got used to the darkness of the room, she discerned a figure sprawled on the floor. As she got nearer she recognized the figure to be that of the boy next door. He was plucking the feathers out of a badminton bird, and he looked peeved about something, too.

"Hello," she said, sitting down across from him, "do you feel the way I do?"

"Aw, I'm sick and tired of women. I never know what to say to the silly goofs. They're always jabbering about dresses or other boys

and dances, and all I can think of to talk about is the weather."

Barbara, alert to the despair of the boy, said to comfort him, "Why don't you start talking about skiing if they ski or skating if they skate? Talk about something they're interested in." This she said as though she had just thought of it as a solution.

They sat there for a long while giving each other advice, comparing notes, and laughing. Suddenly the boy sat up and said, "Say, do you ski or skate?"

"Why, yes," answered Barbara.

"Uh, would you like to uh—dance, maybe?"

"Sure."

—Shirley Fitzgerald, X Form

"HATTIE"

Seven-thirty! Thump! Thump! Thump! Up the stairs trudges our once buxom colored mammy, Hattie Talbert. "Get up, you!" she says in her soft, southern voice, slams the door, and trods down stairs. Soon smells of bacon come from the kitchen, mingled with Hattie's soft religious singing. When you come down to breakfast, you are greeted either with a cheery "Good morning," or with just a plain frown, depending upon Hattie's mood. She hands you the paper, and takes back half of it for herself, and there you sit, while she stands, reading the morning news. If she is in one of her good moods, she will unlock the door and wish you good luck on the test you are to have that day; but if she has a headache, the sooner you get out of the house the better.

In the afternoon, when you get home from school, she is either cleaning upstairs or shelling peas. If she is upstairs, she has a cloth tied around her coal-black, kinky hair, which is now turning gray around the temples. She will probably be singing something sad, because of the death of one of her numerous relatives among whom the mortality rate seems to be very high. After dinner Hattie

is usually happy because her dinners are very good, but if they turn out wrong she sobs while she clears the table. Soon she recovers, and slowly but surely washes the dishes and puts them away. Then thump! thump! thump! Hattie is on her way to bed to listen to the "Moody Bible Program"; but she will probably fall asleep in the midst of it.

—Louise Grulee, IX Form

WINTER AFTERNOON

The low fire burning in the fireplace gave off soft hissing noises. Outside, the wind whistled as it sent little drifts of snow scooting along the window sills. A small dark-haired boy of about seven knelt on the cushioned window seat and with his forefinger traced pictures on the frosty glass. Every once in a while he looked eagerly up the street for a figure which should come walking along any moment now.

The drawing of the pictures went on for a little while longer and then suddenly stopped as the little boy sought some better means of passing the time. He picked up a book of poems called "Now We Are Six," by A. A. Milne, which he had received on his last birthday, when he was six. He climbed back onto the window seat and settled himself so that he might see anyone coming down the street. Then he turned to his favorite poem, which was about some bears, and began to read out loud in a rather sing-song voice. His hands gripped the book tightly, and his every word was said distinctly. As he read on, his voice became higher and higher in pitch, as little boys' voices do when they are making a very great effort. The fire burned low on the hearth, and the room became darker in the late afternoon light, but the reading went steadily on, in the tight little sing-song voice. Suddenly the doorbell rang. The book fell to the floor, and two little feet tore to the hall. He flung the door open. It was she! . . . Why, he had forgotten that he was waiting for Mother!

—Suzanne Edwards, IX Form

ELYSIUM

*Who roam those honored halls of fame
In silent reverie?
Think they of ancient times and days—
The battles fought, the shouts of praise
When Greece was young?*

*Grave Solon and wise Clisthenes,
Counselors benign,
Gave the laws by time proved best.
Walk they there among the blest?
In honored halls?*

*Blind Homer, though his eyes were closed,
Saw beauty from within;
And from his pen flowed immortal song—
On plains of Troy the battles long,
O'er the Aegean Sea.*

*Under him of the Golden Age long past,
Athens to glory rose—
The Acropolis shines on the towering hill;
Great argosies her harbor fill,
The envy of the world.*

*Surely these men are honored there,
Their laurels ever green;
For they knew fame as well as strife;
They sang their song and lived their life
When Greece was young.*

—Judy Peake, X Form

THE SNOWFLAKES

*Falling from the heavens;
Gliding through the night;
Dancing with the moonbeams;
Silver, mixed with white.*

*Not a breeze to blow them;
Silence, not a sound;
Falling ever downward,
Till they reach the ground.*

*The world in the morning
Wakes from the long night's sleep
And finds the ground is covered
With snowdrifts, two feet deep.*

—Janet Wagner, IX Form

Swift River

It was terribly hot in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. The land was dry and sandy, and cattle crowded the snow-fences along the railroad to get the breeze of the train's motion and the moisture of the steam. Ranchers came to the snow-fences, too. Dry, bewildered as their cattle, hopeless, they wandered into Moose Jaw to compare their hard luck with that of their neighbors. Last year the crops had been so good, cattle so fat, and prices so low that they had made barely enough profit to carry them through the winter. Now, with no backlog, they faced drought. The thermometer hit one hundred regularly that year. The heat lasted through bright, hot nights and flaming, sandy days. The main street of town, Assiniboine street, could be seen only through a filter of dust. Dusty clouds from the street choked waggoners and their horses. Grit was in the lines of their faces, and dust was on their clothes, dulling the denim blue, tan, and faded red clothes peculiar to Saskatchewan. When the river had gone down in the heat of early summer, the ranchers had worried, and prayed for rain to swell it again and irrigate their land. Later, as the river parched to a stream and cattle began to die of thirst, the ranchers grew desperate, then listless as the rain failed to come, the river bed baked to mud, and the dust set in. Now, with no prospect of irrigation, they were faced with loss of their crops and all the other losses which that involved;

saddled with debt, they faced a winter without money to pay for necessities. A rancher answered a traveller's question with a twisted smile "Saskatchewan? Why, that means swift river."

Swift River! How cool and wild the name sounded, and how different it was from its name. To any traveller passing through Moose Jaw, however, romance settled thick as the dust on the blistered wood store fronts on Assiniboine street. The silent ranchers, dressed in the traditional denims, whipcords, and boots of the westerners, grouped around the bulletin by the town hall; the buckboards rattling to town in clouds of dust; the horses huddled in the scanty shade of the false fronts, too hot even to bicker; the visible desert heat of the town—all might have been a background shot in a horse opera. The people who faced the drought had the grim courage and strength of the old pioneers, and the romance, too. The sounds of the clanking harness and hollow thumps of the horse pulling a rattling buckboard through the dusty street, the whistles and sputters of the horses drinking greedily at the trough, the whirl of tires on the road as a car passed, the angry bur of the insects roasting in the sun, the drag of boots and spurs on the wooden boards, a yell echoing in the cooler station were muffled so that they merely supplied the murmur to liven the western scene.

—Marjorie Amos, *XII Form*



SAINT ANN D'AURAY

Early in the morning peasants were coming into this small provincial town. They were dressed in unique costumes that had been handed down for centuries. The women wore beautiful lace caps, the design of which signified the town from which they came. Some had on heavily embroidered aprons. The dresses were mostly of heavy black silk and velvet with high ruffled collars. The little girls who clicked along beside them in their wooden sabots were dressed in the same traditional costumes. The men had on big round hats with streamers down the back, artists' smocks, and full cut trousers. The whole town had an air of festivity.

Soon the elaborate service began in the Cathedral, preceded by a procession headed by priests in magnificent vestments of embroidered silk and heavy brocade, and attendants carrying the gold-embellished church flags. Colorful as this part of the Fête was, it was not as inspiring as the night's festivities. One did not realize the size of the gathering until one saw the hundreds of candles slowly gliding around. The great sacred stairs were illuminated brightly with tall candles. People were slowly going up and down the stairs on their knees saying a prayer on each step. There was another great procession but this one looked more like a cavalcade of candles rather than of men. The air was filled with the slow, weird chant to Saint Ann D'Auray. Towering over a small pool were Saint Ann and her guardian angels. Their faces took on weird and beautiful shapes as the candles which surrounded them flickered. The sick were bathing in these healing and sacred waters.

This devout praying and worship to God continued for many hours. More and more people were seen on the stairs that seemed to reach to heaven. Saint Ann appeared more life-like than ever. The angels seemed to flutter around her and still that same weird, rhythmic chant to Saint Ann D'Auray floated through the air.

—Helen Somerville, *XII Form*

SAVED!

Jan thought about last night, when the family sat warming about the fire, while Mr. Carson retold his stirring tale of how he had been deserted on a desolate island, without any means of surviving. That happened forty years ago, and Jan was, as any adventure-loving boy would be, utterly disgusted that he didn't live when a man had the opportunity for real adventure. Little did he imagine that eighteen hours after, he would be, himself, completely isolated on a small island; but there he stood. An island without a shrub, or a tree, almost without life at all. Worrying about his position, he decided that the situation could have been worse; for he had provisions, the sandwich which was left from lunch, and digging into his pocket he assured himself that the five cents were still there. He wouldn't have been at all unfortunate, if the wind didn't cut his ears, if the sky didn't look so fierce, if the hole in his worn shoe had been mended, if the waves of the lake didn't beat against the ice with a weird frightening sound. All odds were against him. Jan pulled out the squashed sandwich, and hoping to forget the bitter cold, chewed rhythmically with the waves. It would have been perfect if he had thought of the fun he would have later, relating this exciting incident to the gang; but no, I suppose his misery prevented thinking of any kind. One toe after the other became numb; he was no longer sure that he had a nose.

If someone had been looking out of the windows of the apartment building across the street, he would have seen the half-frozen boy, pacing back and forth, trying to keep some life within his body. His collar was pulled up over his ears, and his old stocking cap was pulled down over his face. He was wearing a heavy blue-checked jacket that made him resemble a northern explorer.

Peering out of his collar, he caught sight of his bus coming up Michigan Avenue. It stopped at the small traffic island marked Division St., and the strength of the wind pushed Jan into its warmth. . . . He was saved!

—Gerry Tabin, *Tenth Form*

Mardi Gras

Mme. Bernard was a Frenchwoman with a perfectly shaped oval face and black hair pulled into a knot at the back. She owned an antique shop on the second floor of an old building in the French Quarter of New Orleans. On two sides, the room overlooked narrow paved streets; on the third, it peered into a small green court with a defunct fountain in the center.

I went up there one day to get some old china. Mme. Bernard specialized in complete sets, which the other shops never seemed to be able to accumulate. It was late afternoon when the cab stopped at the door of her building. "Got your costume yet?" asked the cabby. "Big parade tonight. Mardi Gras, y'know." I nodded sadly and slipped out. I had sprained my ankle the week before, and the doctor forbade any strenuous walking. I climbed Mme. Bernard's rickety stairs and felt sorry for myself.

There were other customers in the room when I entered, so I looked at old mahogany chests and china poodles that had graced Creole homes a hundred years ago. When at last Mme. Bernard was free, she came to me, smiling. She spoke very little English, but from her expressive gestures and mobile face I could understand her as well as if she had spoken in my native tongue.

I finally decided on the set I wanted, and began to talk with Mme. Bernard; I mean, not just asking the price of this or that, but really carrying on a conversation. And an interesting conversation it was. Mme. Bernard was lonely and loved to talk, and from what she said, it appeared that everybody who *was* anybody had bought antiques from her. We spoke until about a quarter of seven—I, talking very bad French and waving my hands, and Mme. Bernard talking very bad English and lovely French, and waving *her* hands. We heard bursts of revelry on the street below, but I didn't look then because Mme. Bernard said the real fun would be later. I asked her to eat with me, and we had supper at a tiny restaurant where very good French food was served, and where she was well known.

We went back to the shop later. Mme. Bernard had a cubicle of a room off to one side, but she used the shop as a living room. She made herself comfortable on one of the chairs that she hoped she would sell, and motioned me to an overstuffed sofa. We, or rather Mme. Bernard, spoke again, until about nine-thirty. Then we heard shouts and singing from a distance.

"The parade!" said Mme. Bernard. "It comes!"

It was still warm, so we opened the long French window and stood out on the little iron-lace balcony, moving Mme. Bernard's poinsettias and geraniums to one side. The street was dark because the lights were only at the corners, and anyway, one was broken.

A company of men came first, shouting and singing and carrying torches, reminding me of a medieval festival. They were all in costume, and masked. When they got to our corner, they began a snake dance, weaving back and forth across the street, each with his torch and each singing at the top of his voice. After them came a crowd of miscellaneous people, men and women, young and old. They, too, joined in the snake dance, but half-way down the street it broke up and a general shouting crowd formed, all going somewhere but not sure where it was. They kept coming and coming till the street was choked with people, all merry, all shouting, all in costume. There were devils and Harlequins, Columbines and wash-women; long ghostly figures on stilts crowded against the wall, blue and green and red and yellow, all mixed and twirling; and there were torches and paste jewels, and masks of every description. And through it all a noise of people making merry rose to the night sky, punctuated by a particularly loud shout, or a cry of laughter. The gaudy splendor and noise of it made my head spin. I looked at Mme. Bernard. Her face was indistinct, a perfect oval of shadow against the darkness of our balcony. But I could see her eyes and teeth gleam when she moved her head.

Then the floats came. Brilliant against the dark crowd and streets lit by torches, they

came on. Moving platforms heaped with lights and flowers and merry revellers scattered over their surfaces, seven or eight of them came by.

Mme. Bernard gripped my arm. "King Rex!" she shouted, though her shout was lost in the crowd and sounded like a whisper. "His tour around ze ceety before he meet wiz King Felix."

Towering above the other floats and the crowd came a massive platform, filled with glittering attendants and ladies-in-waiting. And on the very top, in a burst of splendor, sat King Rex. He was every inch a king. Long yellow curls came to his shoulders, and he wore a crimson-and-ermine cape. He had on a golden waistcoat and purple breeches, and huge buckles glittered on his shoes. He was bowing his yellow head left and right, not too much, though, because he wore a

gorgeous crown, scintillating with jewels and red velvet. He caught sight of us in the shadow of our balcony and raised his royal sceptre in greeting. Mme. Bernard leaned forward and clapped at him, shouting, "*Vive le roi! Vive le roi!*" King Rex laughed and the float moved ponderously on.

After he left, the streets seemed strangely dark. There were just as many people as before, and they all had torches and gaudy masks and costumes, but somehow they lacked the splendor and brilliance that had come with King Rex. They were just medieval revellers on a Christmas card and no more.

We went back into Mme. Bernard's room, and she sank exhausted on her chair. I realized that she had been as worked up as any of the people in the crowded streets below and was relaxing only now.

"Oh, Mardi Gras!" she said, "It is grand!"

—Jane Allan Loeb, *XII Form*

Moonlight Sonata I and II

I stood at the open window drinking in the quiet beauty of the warm summer night. The sky was soft; no star shone outstandingly; there was only a perfect blending of light and darkness. A faint cool breeze puffed at the curtains and brushed my hair from my face. From a distance I heard the mild cher-up of a frog beating out the rhythm in nature's symphony of night. The crickets and grasshoppers chorused in a string obbligato and the whippoorwill carried the mournful beauty of the woodwind solo. All was in harmony; even the shrill whistle of a far-off train blended somehow into nature's pattern.

My thoughts, desultory in the peace of my surroundings, wandered to the whistle. Its repeated sounds sent a tremor of delicious wonderment up my spine. Every intonation meant distance, space, speed, and accomplishment. Where was it leading, the train—to what wonderful mission, what errand of destiny or, perhaps, mercy? For one fleeting moment I saw a string of lights flashing by. Long after they had passed, two solitary red balls hung as if suspended in space where the train was disappearing. Then all was darkness again. How wonderful to think of a train, guardian of many, controller of their immediate destiny, riding calmly on sleek rails! It was so sure, so controlled and confident, like an important man, rarely stopping, and then only to start up again. Within its walls people, no one person or thing, but just people, went about their conventions of living. How little they realized the power of their conveyor! Each person was different; each was there for a separate purpose; but like animals they were together for mutual benefit under a single leader. I pondered on this principle of human psychology and thought of their leader. Who was he but the engineer? I envied him then, speeding through the darkness, every nerve keyed to its highest pitch, his spirit elated in this paradox of freedom and responsibility. What was he thinking, I wondered. If only I knew. . . .

Pete McCall hunched forward in the cabin of northbound local 760 and extracted a red

kerchief from his hip pocket with which he mopped the grimy sweat off his forehead, swearing vociferously as he did so. He thought he'd never escape from the intolerable heat of his cabin and the grinding and screeching of his engine as she puffed along. Every day the same din, the same heat, and he stood it! The combination jarred his frayed nerves to a state near insensibility. He tried to hang his head out the open window, but all he met was soot and dust, hot and stinging on his already red face.

"Oh, God!" he thought, "What I wouldn't give for a big cold glass of beer!"

760 was on her homeward run between Chicago and Milwaukee. Pete's hand grasped the throttle, already pushed to the limit, viciously trying for more speed though he knew she was doing her best. Grimly he sought consolation in the thought of the two miserable fire-stokers working laboriously behind him. Poor devils, they knew of hell's fires long before their time. Pete's thoughts traveled backwards then to his cargo. There was a good shipment of mail tonight, plus a stable-car of some fancy showman, and eight full passenger cars. Good load! He knew every load had to be good now that the tourist season was in full swing or he couldn't afford to send his boy Jimmy to high school. How Pete did want him to go, to get an education and a chance to do something beside push and pull an engine throttle. Wearily he remembered the tired faces of his passengers as they boarded the train. City heat wilted everybody. On the whole, Pete thought, his passengers were a motley crowd, just a mediocre bunch headed for a weekend of fun and rest—and drinking, too, from the looks of some of them.

"Oh, hell, who am I to be choosy," he reasoned, "as long as they all pay fare?"

Thus 760's engineer passed the evening seeking consolation where he could, abandoning it cold-bloodedly when he found only melancholy and sordidness in his lot. When in the small hours of the morning he finally had put his engine to bed, a task involving

no mean amount of work for a weary man, Pete scuffled across the sooty yards to his dingy third-floor apartment. He was too tired to notice the coolness of the early morning, could think only of how he hated to sleep in the heat of the day and then rise, not at all rested, only to resume his daily trek. His only spark of comfort was that tomorrow was July third and he would have a full load.

—Elizabeth Austin, XII Form

OVER THE BAR

The waves were high, and the water was a cold blue-green. A fog was coming in from the west, and already the sun had been blocked out. A storm was coming. We stood on the rocks, my brother and I, and counted the boats as they came over the bar. We knew the names of these schooners by heart, and we waved to each as they disappeared under the bridge. The captains waved back. They were all glad to be back in the harbor, even though some had undoubtedly lost their catch. If you have ever been near the sea, you know the feeling of vast loneliness that a storm brings. Some call it the calm before the storm, but the wise fisherman says that old Neptune is spreading his net—silent-like, so's he can catch more fish for Davy's locker.

As Jim and I stood there counting the boats, each of us was wondering if they would all be back in time. So far this year the little town of Depoe Bay had been inordinately lucky, for only one schooner had been lost and it was now midwinter. But it might be in this very storm that Neptune would get his best catch. You can never tell with the sea.

Jimmy interrupted my thoughts by asking if the Robert H. was in.

"It's usually late," I said.

"Nor the Pauline B.," he said, continuing his thoughts.

"There she comes," I cried.

"Only the Robert H., now. She'll be coming in soon. Come on, Mother is calling us."

He turned, and I followed him up the little ladder that led to our cottage on the cliff. From our front windows we often watched the waves crashing against the rocks, and they looked so much like those described in Stevenson's story that we had named our cliff 'Suicide Rock.' As we ascended, I looked around, down to the cold water and the sharp rocks below. They would manage to help many sailors to Davy's locker tonight. Jim, too, had looked around, and I noticed that he was watching a tiny speck against the horizon.

"I believe it's the Robert H." After watching it a moment longer he said, "I know it is."

"Go on up. That's the last one, and Mother has supper ready."

As he started again, I looked back. The Robert H. was coming over the bar. Old Neptune would be disappointed, but for the time little Depoe Bay had avoided tragedy.

—Julie Zischke, X Form

"HOPE"

*The wind unleashed ripped through the
stricken trees;
Motionless the sulking clouds hung low;
No warmth a frozen, lifeless world could
ease;
All was dead without beauty's glow.
In dark despair my spirit found no trace
Of singing joy that I once knew,
Till one sunbeam came winging through void
space
To shine, and hope sprang up anew.*

*Evening came in silent meditation;
Stray winds caressed the burning sky
Whose colors glowed its fiery exultation,
Then graying faded in the west to die.
Yet even in the blackest floods of night
Engulfing day to extinguish its bright flame,
Showers of stars pour forth their shining light
To write in darkness hope's enduring name.*

—Martha Harbrecht, XII Form

Deep Sea Fishing

To many people deep sea fishing is just one big upset stomach. Sitting on a chair fastened to a cork surrounded by waves that first come up to meet you and then leave you suspended in mid-air—and on top of this, trying to hang on to a bouncing fishing pole—is no fun. In fact, it is more than no fun; it is the closest thing to Hades. Your stomach is trying to ride away with the waves, while Satan in the form of a fish pole is breaking your back and twisting your arms. The captain and any passengers are always beaming and cheerful, and they try thoughtfully to raise your spirits. The more they “cheer” the more you feel like crawling into a hole and dying in a very unostentatious manner. But there is nothing to do except close your eyes and attempt to forget the horizon—now here, now there. In case of emergency there is, of course, a bucket nearby. To make this unhappy picture complete, there is in the party a robust fellow who strides up and down the deck, paces on the cat-walk (this makes the heart join the stomach in its escapades), reels his bait in and out, and gaily throws his cigarette-butts to the barracuda. There is one such man in every crowd, and he is responsible for more depressed feelings than almost anyone else.

Mean as you feel, however, there is nothing like a good big fish to—Oh! Oh! What is that that cuts through the water? “Speaking of the devil” . . . wham! he strikes. You are suddenly knocked into action. He jumps. You don’t know or care where your stomach is. It is a real marlin! If only that line holds! What a thought; it must hold! More slack, but don’t let him run. A real blue marlin! Oh, boy, oh, boy! What were those words about an aching back? Ha! Ha! That was just a slight massage. A little assistance? Yes, but oh, no, no, you’ll bring him in yourself, thank you. Out he goes. In he comes. Out he goes again. Such excitement! If only he would get tired! Up and down, in and out; there’s no place like the Gulf Stream. Ah! we’re slowing down a bit. Oops, wrong again! All this goes on for ages. You hand

the pole to the first mate and stagger to your feet. After he and the fish have worn each other out, you go back for the kill. With the help of all hands and a knock on the head your precious blue marlin is hauled aboard. You are congratulated all around. The captain runs up the little flag denoting that a sailfish has been caught and turns the boat toward home.

There is nothing quite like Pier 4 in Miami at four o’clock when the fishing boats come in escorted by pelicans and sea-gulls. People come both to look and to buy. The annual “big fish” contest is on, and photographers and newspapermen are waiting for the prize-winner to come in. Your boat arrives. At the sight of a sailfish flag everyone crowds around to see the catch. After much grunting and groaning your pride and joy is laid out on the wharf. The crowd just stares for a moment; then speculation begins. The photographers snap a few pictures; but all the boats are not in, so nothing is definite. You go up and down the dock nervously looking at each new catch. There are several marlins, but not very big ones. There is an announcement that all the boats are in. Everyone gathers around a big blackboard, where the size and weight of the fish caught on previous days are chalked up. The eliminating process begins. Yours is right up there with the best of them. Will it win that \$500 prize or won’t it? The judges finally make their decision. Goose-flesh has been running up and down your spine the whole time. After much figuring and cogitating, the winner is announced. Your beautiful blue marlin has won first prize as the year’s biggest. All the agony of those first hours of waiting are gone, and all anxiety about whether or not your fish would win the grand prize disappears as the press comes racing over and asks you to pose for pictures and redescribe the struggles involved in landing this monster. At length you break away and start back to your hotel with happy thoughts in your head, five hundred dollars in your pocket, and an appetite that calls for a celebration.

—Carolyn Conley, XI Form

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

Mr. and Mrs. Brown lived on the ground floor of an apartment in Suburbia, Somewhere-in-England. When France fell, all the residents of the ground floor, namely Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 agreed that the lawn surrounding the apartments must be dug up, and vegetables, et cetera, must be grown in the manner approved by Those in Authority. The only objection was, Who was going to do the digging? When approached by Mr. Brown, Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 all agreed on the necessity of growing vegetables, et cetera, but as they either had rheumatism, or lumbago, or neuritis, or a bad heart, or It was Against Doctor's Orders, none of them could possibly dig.

Mr. Brown had tried all day that Saturday, without success, to engage an odd-job man to do the digging for them, and now he was going to implore Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 to set to, and make the lawn suitable for growing vegetables, et cetera. Cautiously, Mr. Brown knocked on the door of No. 1, the Oldest Resident. No. 1 poked his head round the door and, seeing Mr. Brown, said testily, "Well, what do you want this time?"

"I . . . we . . . er . . . that is . . . I've come to talk about our growing vegetables, et cetera," said Mr. Brown. "I haven't been able to engage a man, and I wondered if you could di . . ."

"ME?" yelled the Oldest Resident, growing purple in the face at the very thought of handling a spade, "Certainly not, and that's final," and he slammed the door.

The same thing happened at No. 3, only he used slightly stronger language, and again at No. 5, and No. 7, and also at No. 9. At last Mr. Brown returned to his wife, feeling rather depressed, after being abused for about an hour, and being told exactly what manner of a busy-body, fifth-columnist, and radical he was, etc., etc., etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were awakened in the small hours of the morning by the siren. As they made their way to the basement, there was a tremendous explosion, and plaster rained from the ceiling. Hitler had dug up the lawn.

—Barbara Dennis, IX Form

THE SKATER

I was far from energetic that night, and I decided that skating would be the best thing I could do to arouse any spark of enthusiasm.

I went to the club and reluctantly ventured into the skating house. Everyone was hustling and bustling about; there was constant buzzing and confusion. The shelter was just a small, square cabin, similar to those built during the colonial period. The stove in the center was the main attraction that night, as the temperature was well below freezing. Lining the edge of the cabin were benches and chairs which, to my annoyance, were completely filled when I entered. I waited patiently and had plenty of time to observe the different types of people who had ventured out of their warm homes on such a bitter cold night.

First, there was a girl in a skating costume, with her skirts short enough to attract the attention of the boys who had piled in. Then, there were two younger girls, undoubtedly beginners, who had maneuvered as close to there were two younger girls, undoubtedly the males as they possibly could. They were giggling, laughing, and making side remarks, so as to appear cute and snappy, I imagine. Last, but not least, there was my type: the quiet, determined kind.

My spirits were much enlivened by this gay, noisy group of people; and, in spite of my previous experience in trying fancy steps, and falling flat, I had once again the illusion of being able to glide smoothly over the ice. I left the skating house, made my way cautiously to the pond, stepped gracefully onto the ice—when whoops!—Bottoms up, again.

—Diane Chamberlaine, X Form

Cross Currents

The brilliant sunlight fell on the twinkling water of the lake and the canal below the bridge, brightening up an already bright and interesting scene—or at least that is what one of two companions standing on the bridge thought. These two were watching, as many people were, the arrival at St. Joe of the Roosevelt, a small steamer whose route extends across Lake Michigan from Chicago to St. Joe and back.

Yes, the boat was quite splendid, almost like an ocean liner, but smaller, of course. It was clean and shiny with little black funnels and its name in large red letters on the side. A large, colorful crowd of people with beaming, cheerful faces moved slowly onto the dock. How they must have enjoyed those wonderful twenty-four hours! Another group eager with anticipation pushed against the off-going people in their effort to get on and inspect the beautiful boat and to start their trip right away. Imagine being able to feel the motion of the boat under your feet while the moon and stars and cool breezes greet you at night, and during the day the glowing sun in a clear broad sky shines on you and is reflected from the rippling water below so brightly that you can hardly see it! The peak of the trip, of course, would be experiencing the excitement of being in Chicago, a

strange monster of a city, very different from St. Joe. How I envy the people getting on that boat!

The girl glanced at her young friend beside her, who, however, did not seem to be engrossed in the scene at all. Her face was scarlet and shining from the blistering sun. She felt hot and uncomfortable all over as the flies swarmed about, and she felt the hot impact of people as they joggled against her in an effort to see the object stationed at the dock with its garish colors of red, white, and black. The colors of the boat combined with the various hues of the people wandering about seemed almost as blinding as the sun itself. The people, sweltering, with coats clutched in their arms, were fatigued by the heat. Below the filthy wharves and docks equally dirty little boys were fishing in the muddy canal, causing the odor of fish to mix with the already musty hot odor prevailing everywhere. My, but the flies were a bother! I certainly won't envy those people when they are on that boat, baking in the sun. Why are we standing here?

She nudged her friend, breaking her reverie, and hastily pulled her away from the railing. Slowly they disappeared into the crowd.

—Janet Richardson, XII Form



The Ural Country

The pounding of my heart became synchronous with the steady beat of the train wheels as we neared the border. Already I seemed to feel homesickness, which was extremely strange since I was traveling toward my home and not away from it. Perhaps the melancholy effect that this vast land had once had upon me was coming back again.

I could see from my window that the plains had become a brownish silver with the first frost of winter, and the few trees that stood alone here and there took on an aspect of frozen bareness, products of this cold gray climate. To the east the mountains could be seen standing rugged and bleak watching the world around them defiantly. As I looked at them my heart swelled with pride. Those mountains, my mountains! They were not only a symbol of my country and of my life, but they were a real symbol of me! When I looked at them I seemed to feel strength and power crush the fear I had known. I was proud of these mountains, proud of my people, and most of all proud of my country. I was thankful that God had given me such a land as Russia to call my home no matter how hard the living, how cold the cities, nor how bad the people. I had spent my childhood here, and so, my life! (At least the only life that I wished to remember.) I may have had little to eat and less to keep me warm, but I had lived.

I shivered when I thought of the bitterness of the winters in Petersburg. I had known aching cold and hunger, yet I had never been without spirit. I had never been without joy in my heart because I loved Petersburg. Magic city, Petersburg, with its Winter Palace and St. Paul's Prison. I sighed as I thought of the many times I had stood in front of the gates of that old palace and played my poor fiddle with cold, cramped

fingers for a few pennies. But no matter how wretched the people were there, how gray and sad the buildings, nor how dirty the streets, I loved Petersburg then and I love it now!

When the thaw would finally come in late spring my spirits would rise because the melted snow and ice rushing down the Neva River were a sure sign that summer was coming and summer meant warmth and joy—and gypsies! Those enchanting gypsies in their gaudy clothes and abundant jewelry seemed to bring new life to the frozen city and everyone awoke with laughter and gaiety. We used to follow them everywhere, carried away by their strange appearance and truly Russian music. Although the hot streets would burn our bare feet and our clothes would sweat with heat, we would chase them singing and dancing, never noticing the discomfort because our hearts would be filled with a universal love for everyone, and our joyousness over-brimmed our beings. Once in a while I would run away with the gypsies to the great forests far north of the city. *Then* I was sublimely happy! It was when living with these mysterious people, playing and singing with them, that I first learned of all the beauties that my country really did possess. It was on a sojourn with these gypsies that I first saw those rolling plains and yellow and green meadows, and from that time on I have never ceased loving them. The trees in their midsummer magnificence became very dear to me, and the wild flowers and Russian thistle were an everlasting feast for my eyes that had never seen grace or beauty. Likewise the nights in the air with the silvery stars would content me with the world, for I felt surely that if everything were as splendidly beautiful and strong as *my* country, the world must naturally be a symphony of deep beauty to live in.

—*Therese Jordan, XI Form*

Chicago

As the car turns from the drive along the lake to lose itself in the endless stream of traffic that pours into the midst of grey buildings, my first impression of Chicago is always one of confusion. The continuous noisy rush of drivers and pedestrians to go somewhere in a hurry; the mingled sounds of horns, powerful bus-motors, a policeman's whistle, and the earsplitting din of the "L" as its dirt-spattered coaches rattle by all contribute to the harsh voice of the big city. The cold stone buildings, unfeeling harborers of humdrum business, that all seem cut from the same pattern, rise from dirty sidewalks to shut out sun and air. Gaudy shop windows shriek their goods with eye-splitting colors; cheap restaurants display uninviting food under the guise of "home cooked" meals. Signs are plastered on every available space and glare with unnerving directness: "EAT, BEER, TWENTY GORGEOUS GIRLS." Even the imposing fronts of the large hotels and department stores are hard and dirty.

The people hurry along, each person in his self-centered way oblivious of others. Their clothes and faces are ordinary. The swaggering men, the stooped ones, the commonly pretty girls, the dumpy middle-aged women, the rich and the poor, the happy and the heart-broken, the glamorous and the slat-

ternly—all together are merely part of a great moving mass of humanity.

Yet if you look at each face carefully they are not alike. A twinkle sparkles in the eye of the stooped man; the beautifully dressed woman has a haunting, sad quality in her face; the swaggering man cannot hide his sardonic mouth and the hard glint in his eyes. Each person has a character, life, and background of his own; each has his enemies and friends. Some of their lives are closely linked; some may brush one another as they pass never to meet again. Schemes, desires, ambitions, and factors that one day may change a nation lurk behind their masklike faces. The haggard, thin-lipped young man may some day thrill the world with music or maybe shock it with a cruelly executed crime.

The cold, solid buildings contain people working towards different ends. Their very solidness is the product of the striving and planning of men who wanted to bring people from the dirty streets to work closer to the sky. Their coldness seems to personify the ruthless strength of the city. Even the dirt of the surroundings has a certain glamour when connected with the wear that a city has endured. The clamor and tawdriness lend color and motion to the city that give it a recklessly indomitable air. Chicago stands a typical American institution—the big city.

—*Martha Harbrecht, XII Form*



YOICKS! GONE AWAY!

Before I joined the hunt, I was under the impression that it was a dignified and aristocratic organization. After my entrance, however, I began to think of the whole thing as slightly ridiculous. After all, there are no foxes affiliated with our particular hunt, and the sight of twenty-five or more grown people pretending so expensively is quite silly, to me, at least. I guess that is because I am too young to be a social climber or an escapist. Most people who hunt are either escapists, social climbers, or horse-fanciers. The only ones who are really sincere are the horse-fanciers, and they often feel out the place. Also, the Middle West is really no locality in which to even pretend to hunt. The hunt, traditions and all, must be transported from England or Virginia, and is not suited to our climate or country, and most certainly not to the inhabitants of the Middle West.

After all this I hate to admit that I love the hunt, misplaced traditions and all, and I wouldn't resign for anything. However, I am young, silly, and crazy about horses, so I do have an excuse even though it is a trifle feeble.

—Judith Gilfillan, XI Form

THE LAKE

The first time she went there, it had been a lovely blue and gold day in August. The leaves hadn't started to turn yet, and the fringed gentians were just beginning to open. The whole stretch of marsh-land to the lake had been dotted with them. The pitcher-plants were everywhere too, and the wild cranberry. It had been hot as she tramped along, although the water was cold. She had sunk up to her knees in one particularly marshy spot. As she had come closer to the lake, however, she had put her jacket back on, because the wind there had been decidedly chilly. She had seen a large blue heron rise from the rushes.

Now it was november. The short grass that had covered the marshes in August was orange-brown. The trees had lost most of their leaves and looked stark and cold, although here and there a gold leaf hung defiantly against the grey sky. As she walked along, she could hear the crackle of thin new ice under her heavy boots. She could feel her nose turning red and cold, and she shivered, because the wind from the lake was so penetrating. As she left, her last memory was the roar of the lake and the squawk of a seagull that sailed above her, white against the darkening sky.

—Jane Loeb, XII Form

*A million things unknown to man
Haunt the dead of night.
Things unseen, unfelt,
Unheard of in the light.*

*It is not evil or the dead,
No, none of these I fear;
But it is some great Presence
Which is both dread and dear.*

*Perhaps the day will come,
When I shall have no fear.
When I may walk in darkness
And see before me clear.*

*Then I shall stand in darkness
And pray to God above,
And feel a Presence near me,
And comprehend His love.*

—Julie Zischke, X Form

Churchgoers and Otherwise

Let us put ourselves in the last row of the twelve o'clock mass at our neighboring church. Of course, we have come to pray—everyone goes to church to pray, but there could be little harm in glancing about between prayers to see if our next-door neighbor has come and also to see if Sally has on that atrocious hat that everyone has been talking about. We find that we are not the only spectators although the church is crammed full with *churchly* people. There seems to be an air of gaiety, color, and glamour. The noon-day sun is streaming in through the windows, the choir is sending forth glorious music, the flowers on the altar are in full bloom, the priest has on a rose robe trimmed in gold, and the congregation is a still more colorful spectacle. There are many flower gardens perched on the heads of the female members, not to mention the orchids dripping off the shoulders of the younger members of the same sex, for we must remember that this is the morning after the night before, and we can't expect a girl to let her flowers just lie in the ice-box. There are fewer men in the church and their mental side seems to be teeing off on the fourteenth green. After mass is over this bright congregation rush out to gather in front of the church to compare notes on what they have observed during the mass.

Just for the sake of contrast let us occupy

the same seats the following morning. It is earlier—six o'clock, to be exact. At present we are the only ones in the church. The sun is not yet out and the whole church seems to be covered by a gloomy haze. The flowers on the altar that were so gloriously in bloom yesterday are not yet awake; they are now merely little buds looking very sad. Twelve nuns enter silently in their black robes, and as they quietly kneel to pray they seem to have a sanctified air about them which makes us almost afraid to breathe. Within the next few minutes the congregation take their places—all ten of them, made up of four men, two women, a young boy and girl. There are no orchids or flowery hats this morning, just plain felt hats worn not for their beauty but for respect. We find that we are the only mere spectators present, for those few present are too deep in prayer to notice who else has come to church. The priest enters in his black robe, for this is a mass in memory of someone who has died. The organ begins its mournful hymn and we find ourselves so moved by this sad but somehow beautiful mood that we forget to be spectators and become a part of this mood. When the mass is over several remain for further prayer, and as we go out we do not find a gathered mob, but just one or two saying good-morning and then going on their way.

—Jean Sullivan, XII Form



Maids

Several years ago the maid that we had had for ten years left us to get married. Before the time when she left, I was barely conscious of the fact that maids are, ten times out of one, more trouble than they are worth. In the following year mother changed maids on an average of once every six weeks. During this year we had practically every type of maid there is.

An elderly woman, who was at least fifty and insisted that she was thirty, thought that my sister and I should have cod liver oil and Viosterol in our orange juice for breakfast. In her words we were "undernourished" and "puny." Bobsy and I rebelled inwardly against this care, but we didn't say very much until the maid bought some woolen underwear for us to wear, while mother was away. When mother came back, the maid left.

The next girl, named Frances, had bright red hair and a temper that matched her hair. She wasn't the motherly type, and really didn't care whether we ate or not while mother was away. She made our lunch to take to school every day, but the lunch never varied. It always consisted of two peanut butter sandwiches and an apple. However, she was ingenious when anyone wanted stew or hash. She could make hash out of anything, and she usually did. Finally, the whole family decided that this maid would never do, and again we were without a girl.

Then there was Mable, who was very neat, efficient, and amiable. She put up wonderful lunches, and always had little surprises tucked into the lunch boxes. The whole

family was pleased at last. Daddy loved steaks; therefore Mable prepared especially good steaks. Bobsy was fond of home-made ice cream, and Mable made wonderful ice cream. However, we soon learned that something was wrong with our prize, Mable. She no longer tucked little surprises into our lunches; and much to daddy's dismay, the steaks were burned. Soon we learned what had happened to Mable. Mable was in love!

For a while we changed maids every two weeks, and then Lillian came. Lillian was a large girl, but very efficient and quiet. All went well for a while, and once again the family settled back to enjoy life. However, fate was still against us. One night we had guests for dinner. Daddy's chair was very close to the buffet. Lillian wiggled and squirmed through with the plate of vegetables directly above daddy's head. Then she said in a loud, deep voice, "You know, Mr. Bogan, I'm not very small, but I've sent for a diet that is supposed to be amazing. I'll give you a copy of it, too, Mrs. Bogan, and we can both become sweet and girlish again." By the end of the speech everyone at the table was embarrassed beyond words, and Bobsy was laughing outright. Mother is still wondering what happened to Lillian, for the next day she was still talking. In a few days Lillian was gone.

Now, we have a very good, competent maid whom we have had for a year. The family is pleased, and we are all living a life of ease once again. How long will this peaceful life last?

—Sally Bogan, XII Form



MARY SADE STEELE

My love
a
punch



To Ellen
From Ardis.

To Ellen -
Eleanor
Hansons

LOWER SCHOOL

Ellen

Barbara Austin



Estelle Blunt
May Elizabeth Barclay

Children's DIMPLES

To a sweet girl
To a Georgene

To Ellen
From a very
bad soldier and
a dumb student
Sue Shrader

Pat. Meyers

La Conga



From R.G.

To Ellen
Gingyken

To Ellen
Gram Lisa



Suzanne Ellis

Frances Badger

Bonne vacances Ellen!
a. Sally

Alice
Ayars
your pal.

So a dordling
a fudge

Chub
Hug

Polly Anderson.
The Book Worm.

Primary

Dear Ellin

I hope you go through
school all the rest of our school
life. You are, are the most
lovely girl in all the world.

With all the love I could
have for a girl like you,

Alice Ayars



Eighth Form

First Semester

President Marcia Sullivan
 Vice-Presidents Barbara Dennis, Patricia Kerr
 Secretary Sally Snyder
 Treasurer Marilyn Dean

Second Semester

Patricia Kerr
 Sally Snyder
 Janis Hays
 Joan Ann Becker

Joan Ann Becker
 Ann Blunt
 Johanna Burr
 Clair Curtis
 Katharine Dawes

Marilyn Dean
 Barbara Dennis
 Vera Esler
 Dorothy Hartlett
 Anne Haskell

Janis Hays
 Mary Kay Hough
 Patricia Kerr
 Susan Schreiner
 Evaro Sherritt

Sally Snyder
 Helen Spooner
 Winifred Stene
 Marcia Sullivan



Seventh Form

First Semester

PresidentGertrude Munns
 Vice-PresidentsCarol Falley, Jeanne Hansmann
 SecretaryJoan Fitzgerald
 TreasurerGeorgene Nock

Thelma Barnes
 Susie Evans
 Carol Falley
 Joan Fitzgerald

Jeanne Hansmann
 Eva Myra Larson
 Christie Lasater
 Henrietta Lizars

Second Semester

Carol Falley
 Georgene Nock
 Gertrude Munns
 Mary Sutter

Gertrude Munns
 Georgene Nock
 Phoebe Steger
 Mary Sutter



Sixth Form

	<i>First Semester</i>	<i>Second Semester</i>
President	Polly Anderson	Maryella Garner
Vice-President	Mary Jane Steele	Alida Sherman
Secretary	Patricia Meyers	Rachel Grier
Treasurer	Ardis Kuhnen	Patricia Meyers
	Polly Anderson	Alida Sherman
	Suzanne Ellis	Suzanne Shrader
	Maryella Garner	Mary Jane Steele
	Rachel Grier	
	Ardis Kuhnen	
	Patricia Meyers	

Fifth Form

	<i>First Semester</i>	<i>Second Semester</i>
President	Olivelynn Gail	Estelle Blunt
Vice-President	Gingy Allen	Florissa De Vries
Secretary	Estelle Blunt	Ellin Wynne
Treasurer	Florissa De Vries	Alice Ayars
	Gingy Allen	Olivelynn Gail
	Alice Ayars	Ellin Wynne
	Estelle Blunt	
	Florissa De Vries	



Fourth Form

President Ellen De Moe
 Vice-President Carey Roloson

Helen Aitchison
 Pollyanne Bryant

Nancilou Davis
 Ellen De Moe

Carey Roloson

Third Form

President Joan De Vries
 Vice-President Judy Tibbetts

Barbara Banghart
 Daria Brown

Joan De Vries
 Nancy Hansen
 Dale Hansmann

Helen Sherman
 Judy Tibbetts



Second Form

President Adriaen Van Vactor

Vice-President Harlene Plotkin

Carolyn Aitchison

Harlene Plotkin

Maryl Lee Whipple

Adriaen Van Vactor

First Form

President Carrol Anderson

Vice-President Ruth Crawford

Carrol Anderson

Ruth Crawford

Buster Stamp

Joann Buckley

Lynn Hansen

Camma Ward

June Padley

Kindergarten

Frances Galbraith

Richard Lang

Julia Jane Snow

Joy Garner

Jean McFadden

Billy Ward

Color

I wonder if very many people stop to think and wonder about color. I suppose there are many who do, and I am one of them. Wouldn't it be terrible if there weren't any color? Why, what could we see that was beautiful? Flowers would certainly not be so lovely to look at as they are if they weren't dressed in pinks, blues, lavenders, yellows, and so many other shades that you couldn't have imagined their ever existing.

Pretend, now, that we are walking in the woods on a balmy spring day, when the air seems to be filled with a velvety mist. The first thing we see is color—the color of the new little green buds, and the light, refreshing green of the young grass. Then our eye soon falls upon a beautiful apple tree in full bloom. It reminds us a little of a baby whose cheeks are flushed with pink. Now as we walk along the little path taking in all the unexpected flashes of color, we suddenly glance up at the sky. “Why, it is not real!” you exclaim.

“What is not real?” I ask.

“The color of that glorious sky. It looks as if some huge giant artist had taken his brush, dripping with heavenly blue paint,

and painted up there, leaving big white fluffy spaces for clouds.”

Everything around us is bright and flickery, all from the sun. The sun's color is hard to explain. It's just bright light that makes everything look happy, especially when it skips about the tree's branches.

We have been walking quite a while now, not missing one dainty new color of spring, when suddenly a change seems to come over everything, making trees look as though they bore tiny golden coins, not buds, and making the clouds above look like transparent, bulging bags of gold. All at once we come to a clearing. Standing high on a hill we are held spell-bound. Splashed across the sky are colors that take our very breath away! The sun, now a reddish-orange ball, is sending off beautiful colored rays; gold, and pink, and blue that softly diminishes into a lavender, and orange streaking out across the sky all around us. The sight is so thrilling that we can't take our eyes away from it. We are looking at a mass of vivid colors, colors so bright and rich that we would like to swoop out with our arms and gather the whole wonderful sight to us and have it be ours to look at and enjoy forever.

—Susan Schreiner, *VIII Form*

THINGS I LOVE

I love horses in the field as they graze on the green grass.

I love wind because it can be free and fierce or it can be quiet and soothing.

I love walks in the woods in spring when the leaves are coming out and the new grass is growing. Then, if I walk, I can smell the blooming of flowers, the fresh green smell of the spring. I can hear the singing of birds as they build their nests in the trees.

I love the snow in the winter, swirling, drifting, piling snow.

I love the way the manes and tails of horses blow in the breeze.

I love the liberty of a tree as it sways gently in the breeze and then bends almost to the ground when the wind demands.

I love the gentle, soft, white clouds as they go by, changing in form, now a lamp, now a face, now a dragon.

All these I love because they are free; free to bend and to fly and to grow; free from houses, rooms, and schools; free to live as they choose.

—Joan Becker, *VIII Form*

Bald Head Cliff

The state of Maine has a very rocky coast. There are many rocks on our beach but my favorite haunt is three miles north of York Harbor. The place of which I am speaking is a rocky point on the open sea. At the end of this point a cliff rises majestically one hundred feet above the waves foaming at its base. This is old "Bald Head." At the foot of this cliff are jagged rocks, many of which are mostly under water unless the tide is out. They are great fun to climb at low tide.

One day, a year ago last summer, my cousin, my sister, and I decided to explore some of the caverns that tunnel beneath the rocks at the base of the cliff. We found many interesting articles in the caverns, two of which astonished us. One was a stick of dynamite, the other was a lobster pot supporting a gigantic boulder, under which we had been exploring. We never realized the flimsy little apparatus was protecting our lives.

We saw a speck of light about forty feet above our heads, while we were in the caves, and decided to climb up to it. When we

emerged from the opening, we found ourselves half way up the cliff and to our horror we saw only a few juts of rock protruding from the stone wall that stretched up as far as we could see above our heads. Then we discovered another side of the cliff to our left, and clinging desperately to any hold we could find, we made our way toward this side. It had more ledges to stand on and was easier to climb. How we ever reached the top or why we ever attempted it in the first place, I shall never know.

Old Bald Head will stand like the marvel of nature that she is in the future generations. I love this cliff more than words can say because it is like a landmark of time to me. The waves beat against its side and the wind howls around it, but like anything fine, built on a strong foundation, neither weather nor time can mar it. Others will scale its heights and explore its caves, but I wonder how many will love it as I do. Bald Head will stand looking out over the ocean into the mists at the sea forever.

—Anne Haskell, VIII Form

THE FIRST STAR

*A tiny pinpoint of light
Appears in the pearl-gray sky,
Before the pale moon rises
And the other stars on high
Come out to join their comrade.
How lonely now she seems
So high above this earth of ours,
Aloft in the land of dreams,
More lovely alone in the clouds
Than all the milky way.
I'll make my wish on this first star;
It may come true some day.*

—Anne Haskell, VIII Form

SKY PEOPLE

*Sun is the undaunted knight
Who rides the sky with Day,
And, fearless, clothed in garments gold,
Is ever on his way.*

*The moon is a lovely lady
Who journeys abroad with Night,
In a hopeless but never ending quest
Of Sun and his shimmering light.*

*The stars are the little lanterns
That come on, one by one,
To guide the lovely Lady Moon
In her nightly search of the sun.*

—Helen Spooner, VIII Form

First Christmas

*One dark night of long ago
In the land of neither ice nor snow,
There shone a great light from a star,
Guiding three wise men from afar
In search of a Child who was born the King,
To give Him gifts and His praises sing.*

*The star stopped over a stable below
Where the Christ Child lay in a manger low.
His mother, fair Mary, and Joseph were there,
Watching the offering of gifts so rare
From the three wise men who, we are told,
Gave gifts of frankincense, myrrh, and gold.*

*Then came shepherds from hillsides steep,
Where they had been sleeping while watching
their sheep
Until they were wakened by a dazzling light,
And an angel who told them of the glorious
night*

*That our Lord was born, and so each brought
Sheepskins and lambs and gifts handwrought.*

*And now we celebrate in December
Christmas Day to help us remember
That which happened so long ago
In the land of neither ice nor snow.*

—Marcia Sullivan, VIII Form

ON THE SHORE

It is always fun to go down by the sea shore and stand on the lonely beach and listen to the waves hit the rocks as they rush upon the sand. You can hear the soft spray from the foaming waves as it hits the rocks on the shore. The white foam makes a gurgling sound as it reaches the shore and then, with the tide, goes back into the darkened sea. Countless numbers of gulls fill the sky with downy whiteness as they swoop upon their prey, the luckless fish below. Sometimes towards evening, on the shore, there is a solitary fisherman with his rope-coiled net. He patiently waits for it to bring him a netful of wriggling and slippery fish from the sea below. Then as the sun slowly sinks into the sad, lamenting sea, the light fails and darkness veils the earth from view.

—Phoebe Steger, VII Form

AUTUMN FROM THE HILL

*From the hilltop I can see
The lake, the town, the sky.
The wood's huge spread
Is flaming red,
And lazy clouds float by.*

*Waves are high upon the lake;
They are all white with foam.
Upon the shore
They pound and roar,
And make me want to roam.*

*People in the town are gay.
Big bonfires line the street;
The gray smoke curls;
In wind it swirls
About the people's feet.*

*Autumn from this little hill
Shows up in every way.
Its colors bright
Are such a sight
That I came here to play.*

—Ann Blunt, VIII Form

Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving morning was cold and brisk, but cloudy and threatening. I was eager to be off to Aunt Mary's and Aunt Allie's home in Elroy, Wisconsin. We were going by car through Madison and Baraboo. I could picture in my mind's eye the kitchen, with its black, polished, old-fashioned wood stove, the floor covered with rag rugs, and the oilcloth-covered table. I could also picture the lean-to with its immense wood-box chock-full of wood! I knew that my first job would be to get some relishes out of the cellar. That meant lifting up the trap-door and walking carefully down the narrow stairs to a stone-walled room smelling sweetly of apples and other fruits. The walls would be lined with shelves loaded with canned fruits and vegetables. Aunt Mary would be making pie crusts and Aunt Allie would be making the stuffing for the turkey. Uncle George might be whittling or going for more wood to keep the fire roaring. The large dining-room would be all in readiness for the dinner.

With these pleasant thoughts in mind I climbed into the car with the rest of the family. Our trip was very pleasant until we got to Madison, when it began to snow. As we got farther and farther north, the snow turned into a blizzard. We had left Baraboo and were on a country road, which was hard to see because of the blinding snow. Suddenly we skidded and we felt ourselves going into a snow bank. The engine stalled and Daddy and I had to go for help. This meant going to Ablemen's, which was fortunately only a half-mile distant. As we plunged along I felt sad wondering whether we would ever get to Aunt Mary's and Aunt Allie's home. Within an hour, though, we were on our way to Elroy again. The rest of our trip was not hard going and as we turned the corner, we could see the lights of the house. My, what a relieved and happy feeling I experienced when I stepped into the cozy kitchen with all its warm odors greeting us!

—Winifred Stene, VIII Form

SNOWFLAKES

*Whenever a snowflake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say "Good-bye!
Good-bye, dear clouds so cold and gray!"
Then lightly travels on its way.*

*And when a snowflake finds a tree,
"Good-day," it says, "Good-day to thee!
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my comrades here."*

*But when a snowflake brave and meek
Light's on a rosy maiden's cheek,
It starts, "How warm and soft the day!
'Tis summer."—and melts away.*

—Alida Sherman, VI Form

AUTUMY FANTASY

*From the lofty branches
Stretching overhead,
Come floating many-colored leaves,
Golden brown and flaming red.*

*The soft wind blows them hither;
They dance amid the air;
One by one they fall in heaps
And sleep without a care.*

*Soon they're burned by fire
In raging torrents high,
As the lonely trees above
Bid a farewell sigh.*

—Gertrude Munns, VII Form

A VISIT TO THE UPPER SCHOOL SCIENCE ROOM

In January the Sixth Form was studying about the moon's phases and shapes in their Social Studies class with Miss Barclay. She took the class over to the Upper School science room. There Mrs. Lang told us many things about the moon, sun, and earth. We all took our scratch pads and wrote notes on her lecture.

She told us that the sun stands still and that the earth and stars go around it. The earth, turning around on its axis once, makes our day. The earth is always slanting. It never stands straight. Mrs. Lang said that the earth, going around the sun once, makes a year. When I came out of that room I felt as if I had learned a great deal.

—Maryella Garner, VI Form

CHRISTMAS

*Merry bells are ringing.
Happy voices are singing.
In the hay a baby lay
On that happy Christmas day.*

*In the church the organ's playing.
All the girls and boys are praying
As we look up at the altar
On this happy Christmas day.*

—Suzanne Ellis, VI Form

THE FAIRY MAN

*Under a mushroom sat a little fairy man.
He had a little coat on of lightish colored tan.
Every time he laughed he shook and shook
and shook.
He also had some glasses that he used for
writing books.
And then a flash of yellow and then a flash
of green—
He had seen me in the bushes, so he slipped
away unseen.*

—Rachel Grier, VI Form

SNOW

*Snow is a fluffy white blanket
Helping the flowers keep warm,
But the rays of the sun of summer
Will frighten away the storm.*

*The tiny buds of the crocus
And the jonquils show their heads
Through the blanket of white that covers
Their warm, moist, earthy beds.*

—Ardis Kuhnen, VI Form

THE FIRE

One morning as I was coming to school I saw some smoke near the Technology Building which is being built on the Northwestern Campus. When we drove in front of it we saw that it was on fire. When I got to school everybody was very excited and we asked Miss Holt to take the Fifth and Sixth Forms to see the fire and she said she would. When we got there it was blazing very high and we saw one man was up on a piece of iron work and fire was underneath him.

By that time some firemen were there and were doing their best to put the fire out, but it didn't look as if they were making much progress. It seemed too bad to see a new building being burned.

When I came home from school mother said that she saw the fire department come out from Chicago. It was the biggest fire I have ever seen.

—Alice M. Ayars, V Form

SNOW

*The snow is coming down.
It settles round about the town.
It alights on hill and dale
And on ships that have set sail.*

*We see it coming to the ground.
It takes a lot to make a pound.
I like to play out in the snow.
Then snowballs I can throw.*

—Florissa De Vries, V Form

MY ELEPHANT

In art I had a good time. I made an elephant out of wood. First I made a picture of it. Then I traced it onto wood. I started to saw it. After I finished sawing, I sandpapered it. Then I painted it. That's how I made it. I'm going to make an imaginary story about my animal.

One night I went to bed. In the middle of the night I was awakened by a sudden "Bang" outside of my door. I jumped out of bed and opened my door. There stood my animal. He had come alive! Then I said, "Say, how did you get so big?" The elephant said, "Te-r-r-r-rump, te-r-r-r-rump," which I think meant, "Oh, I just grew." I was so surprised that I jumped up and down and woke Mother and Dad. They said that I could take a ride on him. I said, "Oh, goody!" and I jumped upon his back. Then I told him to go downstairs. Thump, thump down the stairs and out the door. I turned him up the street.

After a while we were out in the country. There we met a circus. We stopped there and a man said, "May I buy that elephant?" and I said, "Yes," and he was sold!

—Ellen De Moe, IV Form

SPRING

*Winter's days will soon be going,
Spring's winds will soon be blowing.
Birds will sing,
Bells will ring.
All the world will greet the Spring.*

—Pollyanne Bryant, IV Form

MY FAVORITE CARDINAL

*This morning as I arose from bed,
Out the window I saw a flash of red.
On a branch of a tall dark pine,
Sat a cardinal, a favorite of mine.
After a while he began to sing.
Then he showed his bright red wing.
He flew like a flame, far away,
But he will come back another day.*

—Estelle Blunt, V Form

CHRISTMAS

*The leaves are gone.
The snow is deep, deep.
I love to make a castle in the snow so deep.
Christmas is almost here,
Christmas, Christmas!
I love it the most of all the year.*

—Maryl Lee Whipple, II Form

THE SNOW

*The snow is falling down, down, down,
Covering roofs so bare and brown,
Floating slowly without a sound,
Covering over cold bare ground.*

—Judy Tibbitts, III Form

BRIGHT LEAVES

*The leaves are yellow, red, and brown,
Flying, whirling through the air,
Gay leaves flying everywhere.
The trees all wear a flaming crown
Of leaves, yellow, red, and brown.*

—Helen Sherman, III Form

HALLOWE'EN

*A witch comes flying down on Hallowe'en.
The black cats are out in the night. The
hump on the cat's back is very big. The
jack-o'-lanterns stare at you. Big bats are
out in the night.*

—Harlene Plotkin, II Form

CHRISTMAS

*Christmas, Christmas is a jolly day,
Christmas, Christmas is a time so gay,
I love its snow, its shine and glow,
Christmas, Christmas, I love you so.*

Adriaen Van Vactor, II Form

A WALK

*We went to buy a pumpkin for a jack-o'-
lantern. We went to one store and we
couldn't find a nice pumpkin. We went to
another store. There we found a nice pump-
kin. It was such a lovely day we took a long
time.*

—Adriaen Van Vactor, II Form

RIDING

*Riding in a sleigh,
Down the hill we go
Hear the bells ringing,
Hear the children singing,
Riding through the snow.*

—Ginger Aitchison, II Form

OUR LIBRARY

*We have a library in our room.
In our library we read quietly.
We have lots of interesting books.
We take turns being the librarian.
The name of our library is Roycemore
Library.*

—The Kindergarten

OUR TURTLES

*Joann brought three turtles to school one
day. We liked them very much and we made
a poem about them. Then we sang it. Here
is our song about the turtles.*

*Three turtles, three turtles,
They live in our dish.
They're green as the grass
And they swim like a fish.*

—I Form

FEATURE



Examination for Roycemore Faculty

- I. (a) If Mary has an apple and if Johnny has an apple, and if each one wants to divide his apple into fourteen equal parts, how many seeds will be found in the resulting apple sauce?
- (b) If A pays 20% interest on \$20 and B pays 50% on \$50, what is the name of the bank that they keep their money in?
- (c) If Peggy and Billy together have \$.25 and candy costs \$1.00 a pound, how many pieces can they buy at a penny down and five days to pay for the candy?
- (d) If Virginia bakes a dozen cookies in 20 minutes and if Louise bakes a dozen cookies in 20 minutes, and if they both bake raisin cookies, what is the ratio of cookies in relation to the number of hours and of raisins?
- II. Write a brief summary of the Encyclopedia Britannica in fifty words or less, illustrating the main theme of the book and mentioning important specific details (suggested time: 20 minutes).
- III. (a) Who published the Aeneid and why?
- (b) Who was Aeneas's second wife and what was the name of Aeneas's fifth cousin's oldest brother? What was his relation to Aeneas's second wife, and what relation was Aeneas to his sister's mother?
- (c) Is a Harpy a musical instrument? Explain in one thousand words or more.
- (d) Who were the Greeks and what relation did they have to Achilles's heel?
- IV. (a) Trace the evolution of man in sixty words or less.
- (b) Does Hedy Lamarr have anything in common with Cleopatra of Egypt? If so, what?
- (c) Write all the provisions of the Constitution (suggested time: 20 minutes).
- (d) What was the ratio of gold to silver in the year 1900 and how old is Henry Ford?
- (e) What was the social life of the cave man in relation to that of Roycemore girl?
- (f) What relation was Paul Revere to Paul Jones?
- V. (a) *Parlez-vous français? Pourquoi?*
Translate and answer.
- (b) List your complete French vocabulary.
- (c) Count up to 1,000,000,000,000,000 in French.
- (d) Write a two thousand word theme on the French language.
- VI. (a) Compose a melody in the meter of Frenesi and write your own words with every tenth word rhyming with "happy."
- (b) What would be the technical name for a jam session?

—Shirley Mellor, XII Form

Application for Admission to Joe College

1. Name

(familiar)(formal)(family)
2. Address

(please print illegibly backwards)
3. Age

Probable date of graduation
4. Please give average grades for sixth grade made by the following: *
Maternal great-great uncle
Paternal fourth cousin once removed
5. Check the following subjects which you are taking this year. If you are taking more than two, state the reasons.
 - a. Crossword puzzles and how to draw squares
 - b. Modern exclamations (nothing profane)
 - c. Latin and why it's a dead language
 - d. How to do others before they do you
 - e. Callisthenics and advanced first aid
 - f. Chemurgy, or the practical uses of chewing gum
 - g. (others not mentioned above)
6. Check and explain the following remarks which you have heard applied to yourself.

She's in the groove.....Whееееее.....She's a hopeless case.....She'll go a long way.....Why doesn't somebody tell her.....
7. Personal habits: check yes or no.

Do you clean your saddle shoes regularly?

Do you doodle?

Do you take your shoes off at the movies?

Are you bored now?
8. Write a short summary of your life, and the reasons why you wish to attend Joe College. Include in this a definite statement concerning why is life and your relation to it.

—Janet Ingram and Betsy Brown

*N. B. If they failed to reach sixth grade give average mark of last grade attended.

A PERFECT DAY FOR THE JUNIORS

- 8:25—Frantic study of left-over Latin "vocab."
8:30—Madi and "Little Joe."
8:38—"The seniors may go quickly, now." Groan! 51 whole minutes of French!
9:10—Bradley—"Isn't it 9:30, yet?"
9:45—Hjermie—"Where are all your tap shoes?"
10:05—Gousha—"Let's do it over just once, Hjermie, real fast!"
10:07—Juniors—"We'll be late to class, Hjermie, so we'd better go right now."
10:20—Gillfillan and Armstrong—"Sorry we're late, Miss Hagerty, but we were in gym and—"
11:15—Juniors—"Was there really a class meeting, Babsie?"
11:55—Tilden, Armstrong and Gillfillan—"Can we go *now*, Mrs. Lang?"
12:20—Thomas—"Keep quiet, you kids, or I'll have to report you!"
12:35—Thomas—"Wickman, stop eating!"
1:15—Mrs. Wright—"If those seniors don't stop terrorizing us I'll have to hang a shade on that door!"
1:29—The Same—"My, but I'm hungry."
1:31—Betsy Brown (from History)—"I beat you again. I'm first in line!"
2:15—Unfortunate Study Hall Supervisor—"Let's settle down now, and get to work. And will the Juniors please stop wriggling! WEONA!"
2:50—The Same—"Now I don't want to see any desk tops; it isn't 3:00 yet."
3:00—Morrissey, Conley, Veale, Johnston, and a number of unknown Sophomores—"Are you going home *now*, Pearl Anne?"

—Therese Jordan, XI Form

"LITTLE WHITE LIES"

- "I studied till twelve last night and then mother made me go to bed."
"I wouldn't mind if she had said it to my face."
"She has a grudge against me."
"I *know* the answer, but I just can't think of it."
"Of course, I understand the problem; I just can't work it."
"I'd love to go but . . ."
"Who? Me?"
"Certainly I can keep a secret."

—Martha Harbrecht, XII Form

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

- "It comes from the Latin."
"If there aren't any more of you interested, we just can't have a team."
"No, I *don't* understand, Miss Parks."
"You kids don't have any class spirit!"
"This morning we have a senior speech."
"*Passez les devoirs, s'il vous plait.*"
"We're not trying to frighten you, but your exam . . ."
"There are two roadsters parked across the street."
"I can't come to rehearsal today, Ricie."
"The assignment is prose lesson fifteen."

—Marjorie Amos, XII Form

School Statistics for the Year 1940-1941

	<i>Senior</i>	<i>Junior</i>	<i>Sophomore</i>	<i>Freshman</i>
CHARM.....	Johnson, Webb...	Bradley.....	Fitzgerald, Chamberlaine.....	Coombs
PERSONALITY.....	Brown.....	Tilden.....	Russell.....	Grulee
GLAMOUR.....	Magie.....	Juniors.....	Alther.....	Parkhill
POISE.....	Cook.....	Wieboldt.....	Alther.....	Edwards
SENSE OF HUMOR.....	Klaner.....	Tilden.....	Russell.....	Burgess
BEST DRESSED.....	Foley.....	Wickman.....	Alther.....	Stine
BEST STUDENT.....	Austin, Harbrecht.....	Gillfillan.....	Tabin.....	Ruxton
BEST BLUFFER.....	Austin, Stover...	Ives.....	Peake.....	N. Pirie
BEST SINGER.....	Bowman.....	Mowry, Jordan..	Dilling.....	Laird
BEST DANCER.....	Austin.....	Armstrong.....	Peake.....	Frost
BEST EATER.....	Johnston.....	Thomas, Linthicum.....	Nash.....	Laird
BEST ATHLETE.....	Johnston.....	Thomas.....	Holloway.....	M. Pirie
BEST ACTRESS.....	Stover.....	Jordan.....	Lane.....	Bogan
MOST STUDIOUS.....	Bogert.....	Thomas.....	Tabin.....	Dennis
BIGGEST GOSSIP.....	Seniors.....	Veale.....	Sophomores.....	Hughes
IN WORST WITH FACULTY...	Sherritt.....	Armstrong.....	Holloway.....	Seaman
DIGNITY.....	Amos.....	Conley.....	Russell, MacArthur..	Dennis

Favorites for 1940-1941

	<i>Senior</i>	<i>Junior</i>	<i>Sophomore</i>	<i>Freshman</i>
BAND.....	Glenn Miller.....	Tommy Dorsey....	Tommy Dorsey..	Glenn Miller
RECORD.....	These Things You Left Me	These Things You Left Me.....	Volga Boatmen..	Concerto for Clarinet
AUTOMOBILE.....	Buick.....	Buick.....	Mercury.....	Packard
COLLEGE (WOMEN'S) .	Vassar.....	Smith.....	Wellesley.....	Sweet Briar
COLLEGE (MEN'S)	All.....	Dartmouth.....	Dartmouth.....	Dartmouth
ACTOR.....	Laurence Olivier..	James Stewart....	Laurence Olivier	James Stewart
ACTRESS.....	Vivien Leigh	Bette Davis.....	Bette Davis.....	Bette Davis
PLAY.....	Berkeley Square...	There Shall Be No Night.....	Life With Father..	Life With Father
MOVIE.....	Philadelphia Story.	Hell's Angels.....	Tobacco Road..	Flight Command
SPORT.....	Swimming.....	Tennis, Swimming.	Horseback-riding.	Swimming

Chronicle of the Year

September 25: Student body gets weighed by Hjermie. Sherritt underestimates her weight by twenty pounds.

October 15: Dr. Stock suddenly attracts Roycemore. We wonder why!

October 22: School finds out the identity of Yehudi at Gay Nineties Party. Little did the faculty realize that they were harboring a non-existent in their midst!

October 25: End of first month. Miss Lap- ham starts Get-Rich-Quick Club for faculty by selling stock in Fine Tele- phone Company.

October 27: Tryouts for Senior Play; Ricey endures superhuman acting efforts for three days.

November 4: Outstanding athletes find them- selves on the fourth team.

November 6: Wayne ferrets out subject of Klaner's forthcoming Senior Speech. Ef- fect was not to be believed. And it wasn't either.

November 20: Thanksgiving vacation begins. Seniors go to work.

November 25: Vacation ends. Austin plays doctor to the Seniors with honey, lemon, and Kleenex.

December 5: Dress rehearsal. Sully shows her true character.

December 20: Christmas Program. Girls leave *en masse*, glowing with anticipation.

January 6: Girls return *en mess*.

January 9: Two Seniors exhibit sisterly love in a clinch. A broken nose and a gashed cheek result.

January 25: Exams! We didn't want to go to college anyhow!

February 1: Student Government reveals identity; gives students a trip to Florida.

February 21: Freshman gets by with impos- sible: chews gum in Roycemore Student Government meeting.

February 28: Tilly and Judy ward off icy blasts of Roycemore's halls with red flannels.

March 1: Hjermie forms pyramids in gym class.

March 4: Zorro comes to Varsity.

March 5: Zorro comes to Roycemore *via* Freshmen.

March 6: School finds^o out what is in Royce- more Spaghetti.

March 7: Local hospitals full of patients.

March 21: Sophomore style show; rest of school hopeful about the Prom.

March 25: Seniors get sample Scholastic Aptitude Test blanks.

March 26: Seniors blank.

March 28 (Shouldn't this read "March 15?"—Ed.): Griffin Board deadline.

April 1: School one big joke. It says here.

April 3: Connie gives Senior Speech: Wayne still can't believe it. Griffin Board pre- pares to meet deadline.

April 4: Palio. Everyone's nervous system shot. Winners ecstatic. VACATION!

April 14: We return. Healthy? Rested?

May 10: Exams approach. School begins to study.

May 22: Exams. At least we're hopeful!

June 6: Graduation. We'll probably be back here again next year, so we won't bother to say goodbye. So long, hope you'll miss us!







THE JUNIORS

“STYLED TO LEAD—BUILT TO LAST!”

“PARTING IS SUCH
SWEET SORROW”

THE SENIORS

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“MIGHT
IS
RIGHT”

STUDENT
GOVERNMENT

“ABSENT IN MIND,
FULL IN HEART”

THE FRESHMEN

“—IS A FRIEND INDEED”

Names and Addresses of the Faculty

1940-1941

MISS REBECCA SHERMAN ASHLEY The Orrington Evanston	MRS. NORMAN A. LANG 206 Catalpa Place Wilmette
MISS BARBARA AUSTIN 3 Briar Lane Glencoe	MISS LULU LANGSTON 2206 Sherman Avenue Evanston
MISS MADI BACON 653 Elm Street Winnetka	MISS EDITH LAPHAM 309 Davis Street Evanston
MISS FRANCES BADGER 18 East Pearson Street Chicago	MRS. JOHN G. McALLISTER 1225 Hinman Avenue Evanston
MISS MARY E. BARCLAY Greenwood Inn Evanston	MISS MARION McKENZIE 2209 Ridge Avenue Evanston
MISS ALMA BIRMINGHAM 800 South Halsted Street Chicago	MISS FLORENCE NUSSBAUM 1039 Hollywood Avenue Chicago
MISS DOROTHY CAHILL 1755 East 55th Street Chicago	MISS KATHARINE PARKS 1939 Orrington Avenue Evanston
MISS JEAN COX 531 Grove Street Evanston	MRS. KEITH PRESTON 729 Emerson Street Evanston
MISS MADELEINE H. EYLAND 2738 Lincoln Street Evanston	MISS ELINOR RICE 2207 Maple Avenue Evanston
MISS LOUISE HAGERTY 1111 Grant Street Evanston	MISS NATALIE ROCKMAN 7724 Eastlake Terrace Chicago
MRS. DOROTHY H. HIND 1307 Maple Avenue Evanston	MISS CLARISSA SMITH 2249 Sherman Avenue Evanston
MISS MARIE HJERMSTAD Greenwood Inn Evanston	MRS. SPENCER D. SMITH 918 Linden Avenue Hubbard Woods
MISS ANNE HOLMES 1906 Lincoln Street Evanston	MISS MILDRED SPRAGUE 2208 Sherman Avenue Evanston
MISS EMMA HOLMES 1906 Lincoln Street Evanston	MRS. G. LEONARD SULLY 2123 1/2 Ridge Avenue Evanston
MISS MILDRED HOLT 2020 Sherman Avenue Evanston	MISS ELIZABETH K. WILLIAMSON 1922 Orrington Avenue Evanston
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MARY ANDERSON
2427 Central Park Avenue . Evanston

POLLY ANDERSON
2427 Central Park Avenue . Evanston

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